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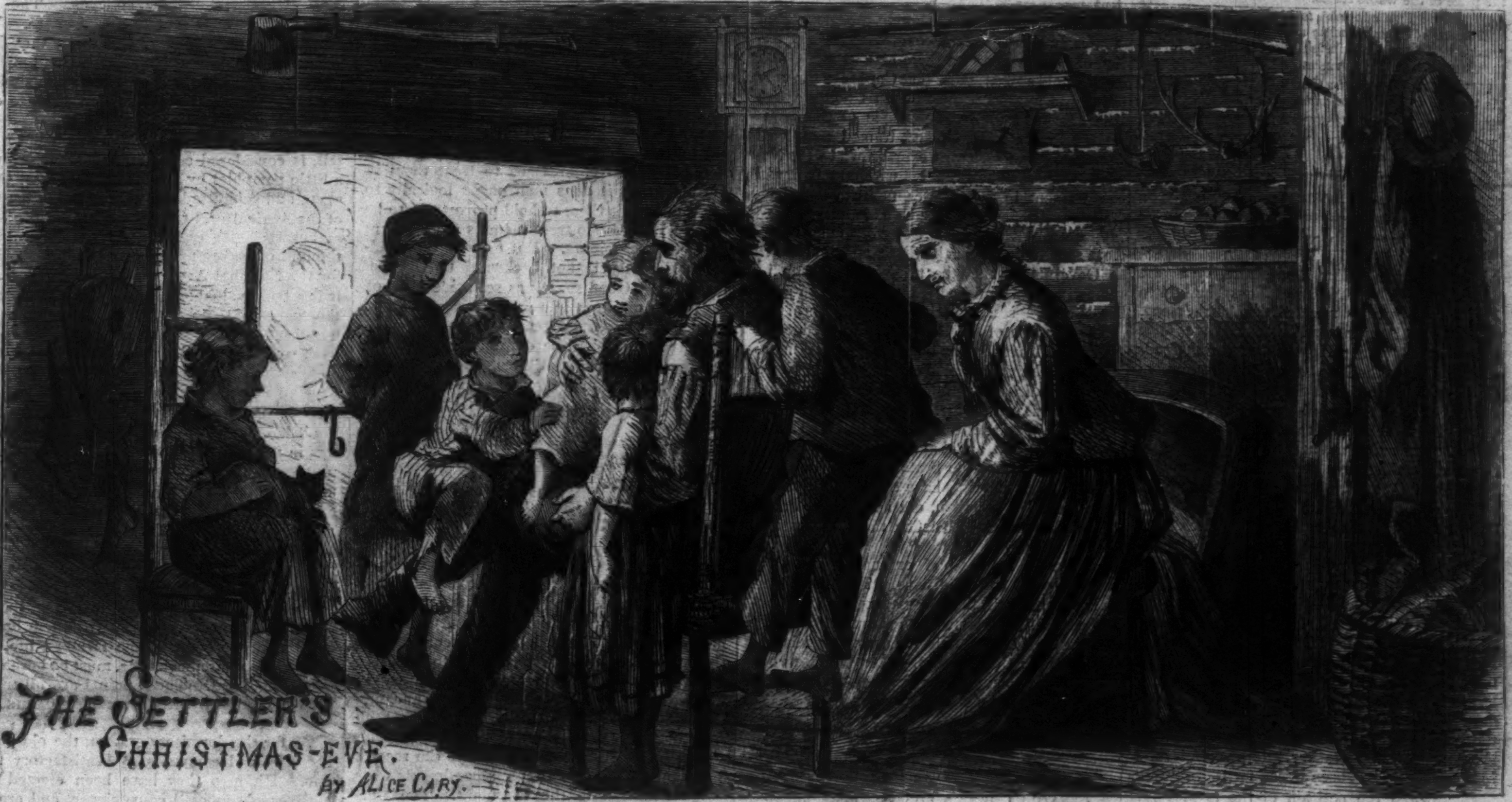

# THE SETTLER'S CHRISTMAS-EVE.

BY ALICE CARY.

IN a patch of clearing, scarcely more
  Than his brawny double hands,
With woods behind and woods before,
  The Settler's cabin stands;
A little, low, and lonesome shed,
With a roof of clap-boards overhead.

Ay, low, so low the wind-warped eave
  Hangs close against the door—
You might almost stretch a bishop's sleeve
  From the rafter to the floor;
And the window is not too large, a whit,
For a lady's veil to curtain it.

The roof-tree's bent and knotty knees
  By the Settler's axe are braced,
And the door-yard fence is three felled trees
  With their bare arms interlaced;
And a grape-vine, shaggy and rough and red,
Swings from the well-sweep's high, sharp head.

And among the stubs, all charred and black,
  Away to the distant huts,
Winds in and out the wagon-track,
  Cut full of zigzag ruts;
And down and down to the sluggish pond,
And through and up to the swamps beyond.

And do you ask beneath such thatch
  What heart or hope may be?
Just pull the string of the wooden latch,
  And see what you shall see:
A hearth-stone broad and warm and wide,
With master and mistress either side.

And 'twixt them, in the radiant glow—
  Prattling of Christmas joys—
With faces in a shining row,
  Six children, girls and boys;
And in the cradle a head half-hid
By the shaggy wolf-skin coverlid.

For the baby sleeps in the shaded light
  As gently as a lamb,
And two little stockings, scarlet bright,
  Are hanging 'gainst the jamb;
And the yellow cat lies all of a curl
In the lap of a two-years' blue-eyed girl.

On the dresser, saved for weeks and weeks,
  A hamper of apples stands,
And some are red as the children's cheeks,
  And some are brown as their hands;
For cakes and apples must stead, you see,
The rich man's costlier Christmas-tree.

A clock that looks like a skeleton,
  From the corner, ticks out bold,
And that never was such a clock to run
  You would hardly need be told,
If you were to see the glances proud
Drawn toward it when it strikes so loud

The Settler's rifle, bright and brown,
  Hangs high on the rafter-hooks,
And swinging a hand's-breadth lower down
  Is a modest shelf of books;
Bible and Hymn-book, thumbed all through,
"Baxter's Call"—and a novel or two.

"Peter Wilkins," "The Bloody Hand,"
  "The Sailor's Bride and Bark,"
"Jerusalem and the Holy Land,"
  "The Travels of Lewis and Clarke;"
Some tracts—among them "The Milk-maid's Fall,"
"Pleasure Punished," and "Death at a Ball."

A branch of sumach, shining bright,
  And a stag-horn deck the wall,
With a string of birds'-eggs, blue and white,
  Beneath. But, after all,
You will say the six little heads in a row
By the hearth-stone make the prettiest show.

The boldest urchin dares not stir,
  But each heart, be sure, rebels,
As the father taps on the newspaper
  With his brass-bowed spectacles;
And knitting-needle with needle clicks,
As the mother waits for the politics.

He has rubbed the glass and rubbed the bow,
  And now is a fearful pause:
"Come, Molly!" he says, "come Sue, come Joe,
  And I'll tell you of Santa Claus!"
How the faces shine with the glad surprise,
As if the souls looked out of the eyes.

In a trice the dozen ruddy legs
  Are bare; and speckled and brown
And blue and gray, from the wall-side pegs,
  The stockings dangle down;
And the baby, with wondering eyes, looks out
To see what the clatter is all about.

"And what will Santa Claus bring?" they tease,
  "And, say, is he tall and fair?"
While the younger climb the good man's knees,
  And the elder scale his chair;
And the mother jogs the cradle, and tries
The charm of the dear old lullabies.

So happily the hours fly past,
  'Tis pity to have them o'er,
But the rusty weights of the clock, at last,
  Are dragging near the floor,
And the knitting-needles, one and all,
Are stuck in the round, red knitting-ball.

Now, all of a sudden the father twirls
  The empty apple-plate—
"Old Santa Claus don't like his girls
  And boys to be up so late!"
He says, "And I'll warrant our star-faced cow,
He's waiting astride o' the chimney now."

Down the back of his chair they slide,
  They slide down arm and knee—
"If Santa Claus is indeed outside,
  He sha'n't be kept for me!"
Cry one and all, and away they go—
Hurrying, flurrying—six in a row.

In the mother's eyes are happy tears
  As she sees them flutter away;
"My man," she says, "it is sixteen years
  Since our blessed wedding-day,
And I wouldn't think it but just a year
If it wasn't for all these children here."

And then they talk of what they will do
  As the years shall come and go;
Of schooling for little Molly and Sue,
  And of land for John and Joe;
And Dick is so wise, and Dolly so fair,
"They," says the mother, "will have luck to spare!"

"Ay, ay, good wife, that's clear, that's clear!"
  Then, with eyes on the cradle bent:
"And what if he in the wolf-skin here
  Turned out to be President!
Just think! oh wouldn't it be fine—
Such fortune for your boy and mine!"

She stopped—her heart with hope elate—
  And kissed the golden head;
Then, with the brawny hand of her mate
  Folded in hers, she said:
"Walls as narrow, and roof as low,
Have sheltered a President, you know."

And then they said they would work and wait—
  The good, sweet-hearted pair—
You must have pulled the latch-string straight,
  Had you in truth been there,
Feeling that you were not by leave
At the Settler's hearth that Christmas-Eve.

## Bound Volumes of Harper's Weekly.

This Number completes the Tenth Volume of *Harper's Weekly*. This has been a volume unusually replete with interest. The illustrations, both in number and variety, have surpassed those of any illustrated periodical. Our readers need not be reminded that the year now closing has been a period of great moment in the world's history. The European Continent has passed through the most significant revolution of the last fifty years, out of which a great Protestant Power has come which rivals even the Second French Empire. At home, to the period of bloody civil war there has succeeded a no less critical period of reconstruction. The events of this important year, both Domestic and Foreign, have been illustrated in the *Weekly*, and have been continually the subject of editorial comment. Every number of the *Weekly* is electrotyped, and the ten volumes now completed may be obtained at $7 per volume. The contents of these volumes comprise, besides illustrations of all interesting current events and portraits of prominent personages, an amount of general literature—representing the best productions of the last decade—which is alone worth the price of the whole series.

☞ *Subscribers who wish to bind the Tenth Volume of* Harper's Weekly, *ending with No. 522, may obtain gratuitously from the principal News Dealers a* Title-page and Table of Contents.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, December 29, 1866.

## WHAT NEXT?

THE North Carolina Legislature, by a vote of 93 to 10 in the Lower House, and 44 to 1 in the Upper, has rejected the Amendment. Arkansas, Alabama, and Florida have done likewise. Governor Humphreys recommends its rejection to the Mississippi Legislature, and Governor Orr to that of South Carolina. The Georgia Legislature would prefer a Territorial Government, according to the telegram, rather than the Amendment; and the President of its Senate, "amidst great applause," declared that "human forbearance has its limits, and the worm will turn if trodden on." Mr. Raphael Semmes, Moral Philosopher, announces, in a lecture at Galveston, that he has been at home endeavoring to restore his State to her place in the Union without tarnishing her honor. The Milledgeville *Southern Recorder* declares that "if this Union is to stand, the rights of the South must be respected." Mr. Alexander H. Stephens is equally strenuous against the Amendment, and for "the continuous rights of States." Every leader of opinion, every newspaper of influence, the Legislatures and the Governors in the unrestored States, are unanimous against the Amendment. Not a single powerful voice in those States has been raised for it.

Meanwhile the petition of the loyal Louisianians, signed by Governor Wells and others—the declaration of Ex-Governor Holden, the President's Provisional Governor of North Carolina, and of a Committee from that State—and the statements of the Southern Loyalist Association in Washington, all agree that the governments of the unrestored States are in the hands of men hostile to the National Government—that the Union men in these States are consequently oppressed and in constant danger—that the liberty and property of the Freedmen are virtually at the mercy of the disloyal—that justice for loyal men in the civil courts is uncertain, and military protection inadequate. To these statements must be added the reports of great destitution in certain districts; the general apathy or sense of insecurity which springs from the consciousness of a radical derangement of local public affairs; the unwillingness of capital or labor to move toward disturbed States, and the necessary paralysis of industry. Looking at these facts, with a due knowledge of history and experience of human nature, it is not very difficult to understand the situation with which the country is now called to deal.

The Amendment we must consider virtually rejected as a condition of restoration. The President's policy, or experiment, has also failed. The unrestored States must therefore be considered as substantially in the condition in which they were when the Presidential experiment began—with this advantage, however, that their real spirit has been fully revealed. Yet we would not be unjust to those who have honestly acquiesced: who took up arms and fought; were beaten, and own it, and now ask only that the conditions of restoration shall be just in themselves, consonant with the spirit of the Constitution and with the national safety. But such are not the men nor the sentiments which control the action of the unrestored States.

In this situation, then, the first question is, whether Congress should hope for a reaction of opinion, and for the adoption of the Amendment by the unrestored States, and postpone further action of its own toward restoration? But upon what ground can a change of feeling be reasonably expected? The first response to the offer of the Amendment was the New Orleans massacre, when the controlling opinion of the late rebel States relied upon the Executive to sweep out Congress with a bayonet. Then came the Philadelphia August Convention, stimulating the unrestored States to refuse the Amendment, and claiming to represent the true sentiment of the country upon the subject. It was not surprising that those States then sneered at the Amendment. But when the question was formally submitted to the people, and they universally and overwhelmingly approved the Amendment as the condition of restoration; and after the author of the Philadelphia address, which incited the States to oppose the Amendment, told them distinctly that they must accept it or prepare for more stringent measures, there is a general and haughty refusal. Undoubtedly the country believed that conditions so just and generous would be, if not heartily, yet at least silently accepted. Their imperious rejection reveals a state of mind which indicates the wisdom and necessity of other measures. The refusal of the Amendment must dispel a great deal of the doubt which many loyal men had of the actual national necessity of more stringent and radical measures. They perhaps believed in a kind and reasonable feeling in the unrestored States, which it is now evident does not exist, or does not control State action.

It would appear, then, that Congress, the only adequate authority, must begin exactly where the President did. The people of the unrestored States rebelled, and framed new local governments, which were overthrown by the National arms. They were left without any lawful government in their States, nor can they lawfully acquire any except such as is initiated and approved by Congress. Congress must therefore specify by whom the first step toward such a Government shall be taken; and when its Constitution is finished it must be, in the judgment of Congress, of such a republican form that the guarantee of the Union may be pledged to it. This leaves in the limbo of political metaphysics, where they belong, all theories of Territorial condition or State suicide. Those are abstractions which Mr. Lincoln properly described as pernicious. Equally so is the President's assertion, and that of the Democrats who support him, that the States having been prevented from seceding have all their rights unimpaired. Why, then, did he appoint Provisional Governors, and define the qualifications of the suffrage?

There is no need of entangling ourselves with theories and definitions. The one imperative necessity is, that the measures which Congress takes to restore the governments of the States shall be just, wise, generous, and in the spirit of the Constitution. And we reserve to another day comments upon the various propositions already made.

## THE SENATE AND THE VOTING OF WOMEN.

Senator Cowan's proposed amendment to the District Suffrage bill provoked a lively discussion upon the subject of the voting of women. It was well understood that the amendment was offered merely to perplex the action of the Senate. The Senator from Pennsylvania, who may be said to have gone to the bottom in the late political storm, evidently supposed that many of his associates would either vote for it upon general principles, in which case they would seem to be perilously extravagant; or would vote against it, in which case they would displease the radical tendency of the time. But, as usual in his political calculations, he was disappointed. The question of the voting of women was felt not to be seriously before the Senate. It is a subject upon which the public mind has not hitherto been sufficiently interested to declare itself, and the Senate could not know what the country wanted.

A law is strong only when it is the expression of public opinion; and the present work of the true friends of the amendment proposed by Senator Cowan is the awakening of the public mind. The vigorous discussion of the subject will soon reveal the truth that there is no adverse argument. If women have the same natural rights as men, and the same civil rights and duties, including the owning of property and taxation, the whole question is settled: they have a right to the same protection of their rights that all others enjoy. Senator Reverdy Johnson, always first in a poor cause, could only say that if they voted they must also do military duty. But there must be sharper arguments than that, or the question will go by default. For women, as citizens, have always done and always will do that work in the public defense for which their sex peculiarly fits them. The care of the young warriors, the nameless and innumerable duties of the hospital and home, are just as essential to national safety as fighting in the field. A nation of men alone could not long maintain a contest.

Senator Frelinghuysen spoke well of "the high and holy mission of women." But however excellent his remarks, they did not bear upon the point, for it is only proposed to derive some more practical advantage to society from that mission. Let us all be reasonable. Why is it that the incessant frivolities and absurdities in which women are engaged does not suggest to us to enlarge upon their "high and holy mission?" If people with a high and holy mission may innocently sit bare-necked in hot theatres to be studied through pocket-telescopes until midnight by any body who chooses, why should the high and holy mission be disgraced if they go and quietly drop a ballot in a box to help secure good laws for their children? And as for "the mire of politics" upon which orators wax eloquent, the truth is that they are miry because good men and women will have nothing to do with them. Yet their presence would purify them. And is the commonwealth necessarily safer because intelligence and refinement so often refrain from politics? The other public affairs in the conduct of which men and women associate are far from miry for that very reason.

But there is no use in getting hot and arguing the question with a red face. The difficulty with those who urge the suffrage of women is that they repel sympathy by overstatement. They speak of the oppression of the female sex as if it were an oppression like that of slavery. But it is nothing like it. There was seldom a slave, however ignorant and imbruted, who would not gladly have received his freedom. But there are very few of the most cultivated and intelligent women who seem seriously to wish to vote. That, however, is merely matter of habit. They have exactly the same interest in good government that men have, and there is no more reason for vesting political power in a sex than in a class or in a race. A State that refuses to treat them in this matter as it does men ought logically to refuse to permit them to hold property or to be taxed. It ought to treat them as incompetent and perpetual minors. But happily the tendency of society is not backward to Oriental barbarism. Good sense has set aside most of the foolish old laws in regard to women; and when John Stuart Mill proposes in Parliament that they shall be enfranchised, and the Senate of the United States, upon whatever occasion, deliberately discusses the subject, the end is as visible as when the blossom begins to set.

## CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS AND THE EXECUTIVE POWER.

A timely and valuable article by the Hon. John M. Read of Philadelphia has lately been published, reviewing the true constitutional position of the Executive in regard to amendments of the Constitution, and the conduct of the present Executive in relation to the Amendment now pending. The article shows conclusively that the Executive is forbidden to interfere with an amendment in any way whether in Congress or in a State Legislature, and any use of the Executive authority to defeat an amendment is a violation of the Constitution. Judge Read shows, by reference to the record, that none of the first twelve amendments were ever submitted to the President. The thirteenth, that of emancipation, was by an error presented to the President; but the Senate on the 7th February, 1865, declared that the presentation was an inadvertence and should not constitute a precedent.

The present Amendment, the fourteenth, passed the Senate on the 8th of June, 1866, and the House on the 13th. On the 18th a concurrent resolution requested the President to transmit it to the Executives of the several States. On the 22d he complained that it was not submitted for his approval, and proceeded to argue against the expediency and constitutionality of the action of Congress—and this upon a subject of which he had no more official right to speak than the Queen of England. But, not content with arguing, he arrayed the force of the Executive patronage against the Amendment. The Captains of the Executive party, Senators Dixon, Doolittle, and Cowan, denounced the Amendment as unjust and insulting; and, finally, the Philadelphia Convention of the 15th of August declared that the late rebels were degenerate sons of heroes if they could submit to "the humiliations thus sought to be imposed upon them." Mr. Reverdy Johnson called for the second reading of this passage, and it was read, while the Convention rose and cheered. When the proceedings were reported to the President he stigmatized a co-ordinate branch of the Government as calling itself "the Congress, and hanging on the verge of the Government." All this was part of the action of the Executive to defeat a constitutional amendment.

Judge Read then proceeds to show that two-thirds of a quorum only are necessary to pass a bill over the veto or to propose an amendment, and that the word "House" is used in the Constitution as synonymous with quorum. Thus there has always been a constitutional quorum in Congress whether the late rebel States were represented or not. The consequences of this position are evident and of the utmost importance. If this Congress be competent to propose amendments, why are not three-quarters of the States which compose it competent to ratify amendments? But if the Congress be not competent, then all national legislation from the year 1861 is invalid, and the President, Chief Justice, General, and all Foreign Ministers are equally so. Apply the theory of the incompetency of Congress to the army and navy, and to all our financial obligations and relations, and what would be the result?

Judge Read's conclusion is, that the ratification of three-fourths of the States now represented in Congress is sufficient for the Amendment; and, secondly, that the ratifications should be addressed to the President of the Senate instead of the Secretary of State as at present. This view is presented with admirable clearness, ample learning, and discretion, and the brief paper is worthy the most careful consideration of every well-meaning citizen.

## COLLEGE BUILDINGS.

It was a long time after the whole country was traveling by railroad before the cars were even tolerably ventilated; and the most useful movement toward that result was raising the roof of the car. It was a great relief and very simple, but it was very long before we reached it. There is exactly the same slowness and difficulty in procuring more appropriate and convenient buildings for colleges. The old brick barrack rides us like a nightmare. We are slow to believe in a University that does not assert its existence in huge piles of building like cotton mills, as if there were some similarity in the necessary appliances to produce cotton cloth and scholarship.

The whole subject, of which this is but a detail, is considered carefully and sagaciously in a little pamphlet by Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, and submitted as a report to the trustees of the Agricultural College at Amherst in Massachusetts. He calls it "A few things to be thought of before proceeding to plan buildings for the National Agricultural Colleges." And it is a truly valuable series of suggestions upon the general topic. The huge monumental buildings for charitable purposes in cities spring from want of ground room. Yet in cases where compactness of space would seem most desirable and convenient, as in certain reformatory and penal institutions, the large buildings have not been found necessary. Mr. Olmsted refers in illustration to the agricultural colony of Methay, the Norfolk Island penal colony, when under Captain Machonochie, the Irish penal establishment near Dublin, and the Children's Aid Society in New York. In arranging the buildings for an Agricultural College, however, it is not only essential to determine in what way the necessary College lecture and reading rooms, the laboratory and gymnasium, the museum and armory shall be distributed, but the spirit and character of the farmer's life, with his taste and circumstances, must be borne constantly in mind. These points are all treated by Mr. Olmsted with great insight and good sense.

As for the dormitory system, the old college barracks and commons are satisfactory to no one. Hitherto they have been erected from motives of supposed convenience, and are part of the medieval tradition. But in the great Continental universities they are unknown; and in this country the Michigan University, which has the largest number of students of any college in the country, and which even the orator of the Harvard Alumni last summer declared to be, upon the whole, the truest University in the land, has the buildings necessary for the college purpose, but not the vast dormitories. Mr. Olmsted says that one of the faculty of one of the oldest American colleges is of opinion that special lodgings for students can not generally be dispensed with; but he thinks they will take the form of club-houses, or houses for the exclusive use of as many students as can be domestically cared for by a family. We hope so. It will be another proof of our advancing civilization.

## PAYING THE STATE DEBTS.

Controller Hillhouse, of this State, has addressed a letter to Senator Morgan upon a subject of the greatest interest to all the States. He proposes that the National Government shall provide for the war debt of the States in some fair and adequate manner. Had the Government drafted from the beginning, the payment of large bounties, and consequently the great debts, would have been avoided. In paying the bounties the States did only what the National Government would have been obliged to do; for the war would not otherwise have been carried on successfully, and as the payment was for the preservation of the Union the States may justly expect some reimbursement.

General Hillhouse refers to the action of the first Congress which assumed for the Union the revolutionary war-debt of the States, and he reasons that to relieve property from the weight of State debt is to enable it to respond to the claims of the United States. The State Governments have the same right with the Union to provide for their own preservation. But if the taxing power of the Government should ever be extended to reach every source of revenue in the State, the State must fall. Therefore national taxation must stop at a point which leaves sufficient revenue to the State, or the whole system crumbles. The Controller then shows, from the actual and prudently estimated future financial condition of the country, that the Government will be easily able to provide for the payment which he recommends; and he proposes that the Government relinquish for that purpose to the States the tax on incomes. The receipts from this source for the year ending June 30, 1866, were $60,000,000—a sum adequate to the proposed object, yet which would still leave the National Government amply provided for its own wants. But if it were not so, the loss of this tax would readily be supplied by the annual increase of other revenues. Thus the States which had made no debt during the war, or which have paid it, could discontinue the tax altogether. Other States would continue it, but might properly reduce it to three per cent.

This plan, as General HILLHOUSE remarks, is not an assumption by the United States of the debts of the States, nor of their payment in any form. Each State would pay its own debts from the property of its own citizens, while the National Government would simply relinquish a single source of revenue. The letter of the Controller is very lucid and concise, and his suggestion, in view of the rapid increase of the revenues, is well worthy the most thoughtful attention.

## WEST POINT.

THE Report of the last Board of Visitors to West Point speaks in general terms of satisfaction with the condition and arrangements of the Academy, but states that many changes may be advantageously made. It proposes that the number of students be increased from 292 to 400. Such a change is plainly desirable, and we see no reason for limiting the number to less than 500. The suggestion that the Academy should be the scientific military school of the nation, and not undertake to teach the lower and higher general branches, is also excellent. It certainly should not be a primary or grammar school. But the great necessity is that the admission should be determined by competitive examinations. If there are to be 300 or 500 students, let them be the 300 or 500 best prepared, and not those whom chance or personal partiality favors. Above all, let West Point be a school of chivalric fidelity to the American principle. Let every youth educated by his country for her service be taught that he is a son of Liberty, and that the glory of the flag which he is to bear is that it is the flag of equal human rights.

## HOW MUCH SHALL WE SLEEP?

WE know that there are some sluggards in the world; but we apprehend that their fault is not so much in wasting time in sleep as in a wakeful idleness. They hate activity, and we would have no objection to their having a long night of sleep, provided they would do diligently when awake. Most of those who act the part of the sluggard, according to SOLOMON'S description, are probably idlers who seek after pleasure at hours when they ought to be asleep; and so, in the morning, when the men who do the world's work, either mental or bodily, are busy, fresh from nature's sound and healthy sleep, they toss about in bed wearily dozing, continually saying, as they rouse from this state, "Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep."

Some of these idlers do really sleep much more than they ought to do, simply because they eat so much that they must sleep. Eating is one of their chief enjoyments. They make a god of their belly, and so stupefy the brain by the consequent engorgement that they must sleep more than other men.

Men who make a business of life—who love activity—in their abhorrence of idlers and sleepy men are apt to give themselves too little time for sleep. They forget that there is in the old couplet, so often quoted, an "early to bed" as well as an "early to rise." They are encouraged to their encroachments on the proper hours for sleep by the stories that are often told of the little time given to sleep by some of the great men of the world. If the stories be true, which we much doubt in regard to some of them, we are very clear that more work might have been accomplished in the long-run if more time had been daily given to "tired nature's sweet restorer."

That we may have a suitable appreciation of this matter let us consider what sleep is, and what it is for.

Sleep is a singular condition. How opposite to the wakeful state! It has been often likened to death, and called its sister; but it is like death in only a few of its phenomena—its stillness, its insensibility to external things; but even when profound the blood courses as usual in its channels, the respiration goes on, and nutrition is probably even more active than in the wakeful state; and when not profound the senses respond to impressions and the mind revels in a jumble of thoughts, or even sometimes moves with all its accustomed regularity.

Sleep is a mysterious condition. Many have been the speculations about it by philosophers and physiologists, but no one has as yet settled, satisfactorily, upon its nature, though we know much in regard to its phenomena and the circumstances that influence it.

The object for which this condition was ordained by the Creator is obvious enough. It is for the restoration and reinvigoration of the system after exhaustion by labor. But it is not needed for this purpose by the whole system. The wearied muscles need no sleep; merely rest is all that is necessary for them. It is the brain and nerves that require sleep, for their action is something besides motion, and therefore something besides the cessation of motion is required by them. The mind must cease to use the brain and nerves, both in making impressions upon the world around, and in receiving impressions from it through the senses. And the more perfect this cessation the more perfect is the sleep.

It has been very generally said that sleep is required especially for the repair of the system—that the machinery of the body needs to lie by for repair just like any other machinery. But this has been disputed, on the ground that nutrition and repair are going on all the time. And yet we think that it must be granted that sleep is necessary for the perfection of this repair, at least if we use this word in its widest sense. During the rest which sleep gives to the brain and nervous system changes undoubtedly occur in the arrangement of the particles, which make a completion of those changes of repair that are going on at all times during the wakeful state. And beyond this there may be some changes which can not be effected at all while the machinery is in motion.

It is essential, then, to health that sufficient time be given to sleep; for if it be not done there will be imperfect restoration or repair after exhaustion. The result here is cumulative. If there be each night only a small deficiency in repair there will be a gradual but certain undermining of the health. It may be mentioned as a significant fact in this connection that even a severe and long-continued pressure of anxiety and labor is not apt to produce insanity so long as the sleep is not broken in upon materially.

It is better to have too much than too little sleep; for, let it ever be remembered, that the amount accomplished in labor either of body or mind is far from being proportioned to the length of time employed.

Some need more time for sleep than others. How much is required in each individual case must be ascertained by observation. From six to eight hours sleep is ordinarily needed by adults. JOHN HUNTER and FREDERICK THE GREAT, it is said, got along with five hours; but we think that they would have done more and lived longer if they had slept more. NAPOLEON is said to have had even less sleep than this; but the contrary has been asserted by BOURRIENNE, who had ample opportunities of knowing his habits. Besides, he was a good sleeper. He slept soundly, and took little time to get to sleep. Whenever he was deprived of his regular rest he made up for the loss by naps, into which he could drop so readily that it is said that he could take "forty winks" at any time.

Children need more sleep than adults, partly at least because there is not merely repair to be provided for but growth. Some parents discontinue the daily nap of the child too soon. It should be continued through the third year, and in some cases even longer.

## LITERARY.

LABOULAYE'S "Fairy Book," just published in beautiful form by the HARPERS, is truly delightful It will take its place with the choicest fairy lore upon the little shelves and in the sweet hearts of children. The author, whose name is so kindly known to us as one of our most intelligent and faithful French friends during the war, dedicates the volume in a charming preface to his grand-daughter, and he adds a most genial letter to his young friends in America. Miss MARY L. BOOTH, the translator of HENRI MARTIN'S "History of France," and of LABOULAYE'S "Paris in America," has translated the stories with remarkable grace and skill, and the profuse illustrations are of the most fascinating kind for the young reader. We speak patronizingly of the young reader, but we confess that we have read every word of the book with eagerness and delight; and although the stories are called the Fairy Tales of Many Nations, yet they are all of one land, the dear and familiar fairy land of Cinderella and Puss in Boots, and Ali Baba and the Arabian Nights.

Miss MULOCK'S new novel, "The Two Marriages," is just issued by the HARPERS. Her name is the passport for her charming books to every heart and hearth. The tender, touching story of "A Noble Life" is not less winning than her famous novel of "John Halifax," and the new volume will have the same wide circulation and admiration.

In "Sir Brook Fossbrooke," by CHARLES LEVER, the "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood," by GEORGE MACDONALD, "Lizzie Lorton of Greyrigg," by Mrs. LYNN LINTON, "Rachel's Secret," by the author of "The Master of Marton," "Bernthal," from the German of L. MUHLBACH, and "Madonna Mary," by Mrs. OLIPHANT, the author of "Miss Marjoribanks," the HARPERS have reprinted the most noted and remarkable of the late English novels, and provided for every taste

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### CONGRESS.

*December* 11:

In the Senate, Mr. Wade, from the Committee on Territories, reported the bill for the admission of Colorado, with a favorable recommendation.

In the House, the bill for the regulation of appointments to and removals from office came up as the special order. Various amendments were offered and discussed, among them one by Mr. Stevens, providing that when any person shall be nominated for an office by the President and rejected by the Senate, such person shall be ineligible for any office under the Government for one year. This was rejected by a vote of 18 yeas to 132 nays.

*December* 12:

In the Senate, the bill to regulate the elective franchise in the District of Columbia was debated, and an amendment extending the suffrage to females was rejected, 9 to 37.

*December* 13:

In the Senate, in debate on the District of Columbia Suffrage bill, Mr. Dixon's amendment, requiring that voters shall be able to read and to write their names was rejected. The bill was then passed, 32 to 13.

In the House, the Deficiency Bill was passed. A concurrent resolution was passed to take a recess from Thursday, the 20th of December, to Thursday, the 3d of January.

*December* 14:

In the Senate, the Deficiency bill was passed.—It was voted to adjourn on the 20th till January 3.

In the House, Mr. Shellabarger presented a memorial from the loyal people of Louisiana, asking Congress to establish, under the care of the United States, a Government for that State. The document is signed by the Governor and several thousand electors of Louisiana. It was referred to the Select Committee on the New Orleans riots.—The Senate bill, granting universal suffrage in the District of Columbia, was taken up and passed by a vote of 118 to 46.

*December* 17:

In the Senate, the usual honors were paid to the memory of Senator Wright.

In the House, a translation of the letter from the Emperor of Russia, acknowledging the joint resolution congratulating him on his escape from assassination, was read and applauded.

### THE MATAMORAS AFFAIR.

The following are the facts in regard to the recent occupation of Matamoras by General Sedgwick:

Up to November 24 Canales continued to hold the city with about 2500 troops. Escobedo threatened it with about the same number from the outside. On the 24th Canales informed General Sedgwick unofficially that he could not control his troops for want of money to pay them, and requested him to occupy the city. General Sedgwick, through Colonel Perkins, requested Canales to state this officially, which he did; whereupon it was agreed that the United States forces should occupy the plaza and attend to the good order of the town, while Canales occupied the fortifications as heretofore. The Rio Grande papers do not credit the story that Canales could not control his troops, but intimate that it was a ruse to get the American forces into the city for its better defense against the threatened attack of Escobedo.

Early on the morning of the 24th a pontoon bridge was thrown across the Rio Grande, from Brownsville to Matamoras, and a detachment of United States forces, under Colonel Perkins, crossed and took command of Matamoras. These forces belonged to the Nineteenth United States Colored Infantry. A small force of the Fourth Cavalry had preceded them. A small body of colored troops had also been passed over the ferry the night previous, and held Santa Cruz and other points leading to the city, which is about a mile distant.

The same evening General Sedgwick arranged a parley at some point on the river, between Canales and Escobedo. Escobedo announced his intention of attacking the place at an early hour on the morning of the 27th, in response to which General Sedgwick called his attention to the fact that the American flag was flying over the plaza.

Thus were stationed the United States forces in Matamoras, and Canales's troops in the fortifications, when Escobedo resolved to carry it by assault. He began firing at 5 o'clock on the morning of the 27th, and it was immediately answered from the forts. Soon after from 1000 to 1500 men were formed in line, and marched to the assault of Fort Monterey in fine style. Canales commanded Fort Monterey in person, and the assault was repulsed. Canales followed up the advantage he had gained, and in a moment his cavalry and infantry were in hot pursuit of the flying forces of Escobedo.

On the 30th the *Elizabeth Read* arrived from Galveston with dispatches to the Sherman-Campbell expedition from Washington, immediately after which the United States forces were withdrawn to this side of the Rio Grande. It is said that Escobedo and Canales have become reconciled.

### SOUTH CAROLINA.

The Charleston *Courier* of December 15 contains the report of the Legislative Committee appointed to take into consideration the question of the adoption or rejection of the Constitutional Amendment. The Committee state that they have given the important question a careful consideration, and have come to the conclusion to recommend to the Legislature that the Amendment be not adopted. This recommendation will no doubt be acted on at once, and the Amendment may, therefore, so far as the Palmetto State is concerned, be considered as rejected. The Government, it is known, fully agrees with the decision which has been arrived at by the Committee. The *Courier* also contains the report of the Committee appointed by the Legislature to consider the question of a call for a National Convention, which report is directly antagonistic to the position just assumed by Ex-Governor Perry.

### ALABAMA.

The reading of Governor Patton's Message in favor of the Amendment caused considerable excitement in both Houses of the Legislature. In the Senate, after some discussion for and against the Amendment, a motion to refer the Message to the Committee on Federal Relations was carried by a vote of Yeas 24, Nays 5; Messrs. Bell, Felder, Garrett, Sykes, and Woodlief voting in the negative. In the House there was so much confusion that that body adjourned. On the following day the Committee on Federal Relations, to whom the Governor's Message was referred, reported that they "had duly and maturely considered the same; and deeming it unnecessary and inexpedient to enter into an argument for their Report, the Committee are of the opinion that the General Assembly should not ratify the proposed amendments." They therefore reported a joint resolution that "the State of Alabama refuses to ratify" the Amendment. This resolution was adopted by a vote of 27 to 2 in the Senate, and 69 to 8 in the House.

### GEORGIA.

The Legislature adjourned *sine die*. The feeling manifested was most unfavorable to any reconsideration of the Amendment. The Speaker of the House, in his closing address, bade the country to hope the trial of fanaticism would exhaust itself, and Constitutional principles yet prevail. The President of the Senate urged all to obey the laws and cleave to the Constitution; but human forbearance had its limits, and the worm would turn if trodden on. Great applause was manifested in both Houses at these sentiments. The veto of the Extension of the Homestead Act was sustained. Five vetoes were sent in, and only that of the Stay Law was overridden.

### RAILROAD STATISTICS.

Mr. R. D. Baxter lately presented to the Royal Statistical Society of London a paper on the railroads of the world, the most interesting part of which is, that the United States, in the number of miles of railway in operation and under construction, is far ahead of the whole of Europe combined, Europe, Great Britain included, having but about 42,000 miles, while we in this country have 48,860 miles of railroad, of which near 35,000 miles are in active operation. Our railroads would, in a single line, twice surround the globe.

### NEWS ITEMS.

Hon. William D. Northend, the Democratic candidate who was defeated by General Butler, intends to contest General Butler's seat in the next Congress.

Albert H. Inman, a recent graduate of Yale College, and Miss Eddy, a young lady, were drowned at Pascoag, near Providence, Rhode Island, on the evening of December 13, while skating.

The destitution at Chattanooga, Tennessee, is so wide-spread that it is proposed to open soup-houses, at which such of the poor as are unable to work, and such as can not obtain employment, can receive one wholesome meal a day.

Governor Fletcher has issued a supplementary proclamation to the citizens of Lafayette and Jackson counties, Missouri, stating that twenty-four companies of cavalry and ten of infantry will be retained in those counties. He says: "Whenever I am satisfied that the people of those counties will enforce the law, and by their support of the civil authority give legal protection to the law-abiding citizens, the troops will be withdrawn."

The missing steamship *Britannia* arrived at this port December 11.

A petition, fifty-two feet long, containing the names of nearly all the prominent citizens of New Mexico, has been forwarded to Washington, praying for an increase of the military force in that Territory, as being absolutely necessary to protect the lives and property of the people against the Indians.

The Colorado Legislature organized December 12. The majority favor State admission, notwithstanding the opposition of Governor Cummings.

Dates from Tampico to the 2d instant, represent Northern Mexico in a deplorable condition. No legitimate business is being done, and the greatest uncertainty for the future prevails. The Liberals have made burdensome forced loans on the people. The Imperialists have done likewise. At San Louis Potosi $65,000 were recently exacted, the latter by Mejia.

The United States iron-clad steamer *New Ironsides* was entirely destroyed by fire at League Island, December 16.

Professor Agassiz is said to be busily at work writing his Travels in Brazil. The book will be of a popular character rather than scientific.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

### BY TELEGRAPH.

*December* 10:

(LONDON.)—Many of the delegates from the British American Provinces, having in view the final settlement of the Confederation scheme, have arrived. They have formed themselves into a Conference, and selected Mr. M'Donald to preside over their deliberations.

(PARIS.)—The departure of the French fleet of war vessels and transports for Vera Cruz is now said to be fixed for next week. The vessels are fully manned and provisioned, and are expected to reach their destination about the middle of January.

A telegram from Hanover reports the commencement of oppressive measures against the people by the Prussian authorities.

*December* 11:

(LONDON.)—The steamer *Bolivar* has been seized in the Medway on suspicion of being a Fenian cruiser. A large quantity of arms and ammunition and thirty tons of gunpowder were found on board the steamer.

(BERLIN.)—The King of Prussia has conferred the Order of the Black Eagle on the King and Crown Prince of Denmark.

The military budget has been laid before the Chambers.

Governor Wright, the American Embassador, is seriously ill.

(PARIS.)—The evacuation of Rome by the French troops will be virtually completed to-day.

(ROME.)—The man who gave the information which led to the arrest of John H. Surratt is a French Canadian, named St. Marie. He was formerly a Union soldier, and served in the Papal Zouaves. Both he and Surratt were in love with the same lady in Washington, and St. Marie betrayed Surratt through jealousy.

He says Surratt told him that Lincoln's assassination was a preconcerted plot; that he (Surratt) carried direct from Jeff Davis's Cabinet, at Richmond, the principal details of the plot to Washington; and that the assassination was not only in accordance with the desires of Davis's Cabinet, but was done by their directions and orders.

*December* 12:

(LONDON.)—The Fenian troubles in Ireland are increasing. Another regiment of artillery has been ordered and will soon proceed to Ireland.

A factory for the preparation of Greek fire has been discovered by the police in Dublin.

*December* 13:

(LONDON.)—A most appalling explosion has occurred in a colliery at Barnsley, in the County of York. The loss of life was frightful. The bodies of over three hundred dead have already been taken from the mine, and many others are still unaccounted for.

A second explosion took place in the same colliery, at Barnsley, while a large number of miners were trying to save the survivors of the previous disaster, and thirty additional lives were lost. A third explosion took place at 10 o'clock this morning. There is no longer any hope for those in the pit, and they must now all be dead.

It is estimated that three hundred and fifty human beings in all have lost their lives by this terrible catastrophe.

Another terrible explosion has taken place in a colliery in Stafford, attended with great loss of life. Two hundred men went down into the mine this morning, of whom only thirteen have been taken out alive, and they are badly injured. All the rest, it is believed, are dead.

It has been clearly proved that the steamship *Bolivar*, which was recently seized in the Medway, was not designed for the Fenians. She belongs to Colombia, and will be delivered to the agent of that Government as soon as possible.

Dispatches received to-day from the East report that a rupture of the relations between the Governments of Turkey and Greece is imminent.

(PARIS.)—The *Moniteur* this morning has a telegram dated Mexico, December 3, and signed by Bazaine and Castelnau, which says. "Maximilian is still in Mexico, though there has been as yet no decision as to his future movements. As the evacuation must be completed in March it is urgent that there should be no delay in the arrival of the transports. The mission of Sherman and Campbell, who left Vera Cruz on the 3d, appeared to be of a most conciliatory character."

The Empress Eugenie has finally decided to visit the Pope of Rome.

*December* 14:

(PARIS.)—Under the new organization the French army, with the usual reserves, will foot up about 1,250,000 men. It is expected that such a mighty standing army in times of peace will have no good effect. There is much misgiving to the project among the thoughtful in this city.

(BERLIN.)—The Government of Prussia is about to send Envoys to Vienna. Now that peace has come, there is a determination on the part of both Austria and Prussia to renew their former commercial relations. Negotiations to this end will be immediately signed by the Envoys.

*December* 16:

(FLORENCE.)—The King of Italy opened the National Parliament on Saturday. In his opening speech he wished Italy joy of the freedom she had gained. He said that France, faithful to her promise, had withdrawn from Rome, and that the best understanding existed between Italy and Napoleon. He declared that he would respect the territory of the Papal States. He hoped that the moderation of the Italian people and the wisdom of the Pope, and a spirit of conciliation on both sides, would remove all differences; and said it was his wish that the Pope should remain independent in Rome. He concluded by referring to the great and glorious future Italy had before her, and declaring that she must by every means develop her resources to achieve her position as a great nation.

(PESTH.)—The House has passed the address of M. Deak in reply to the Emperor of Austria.

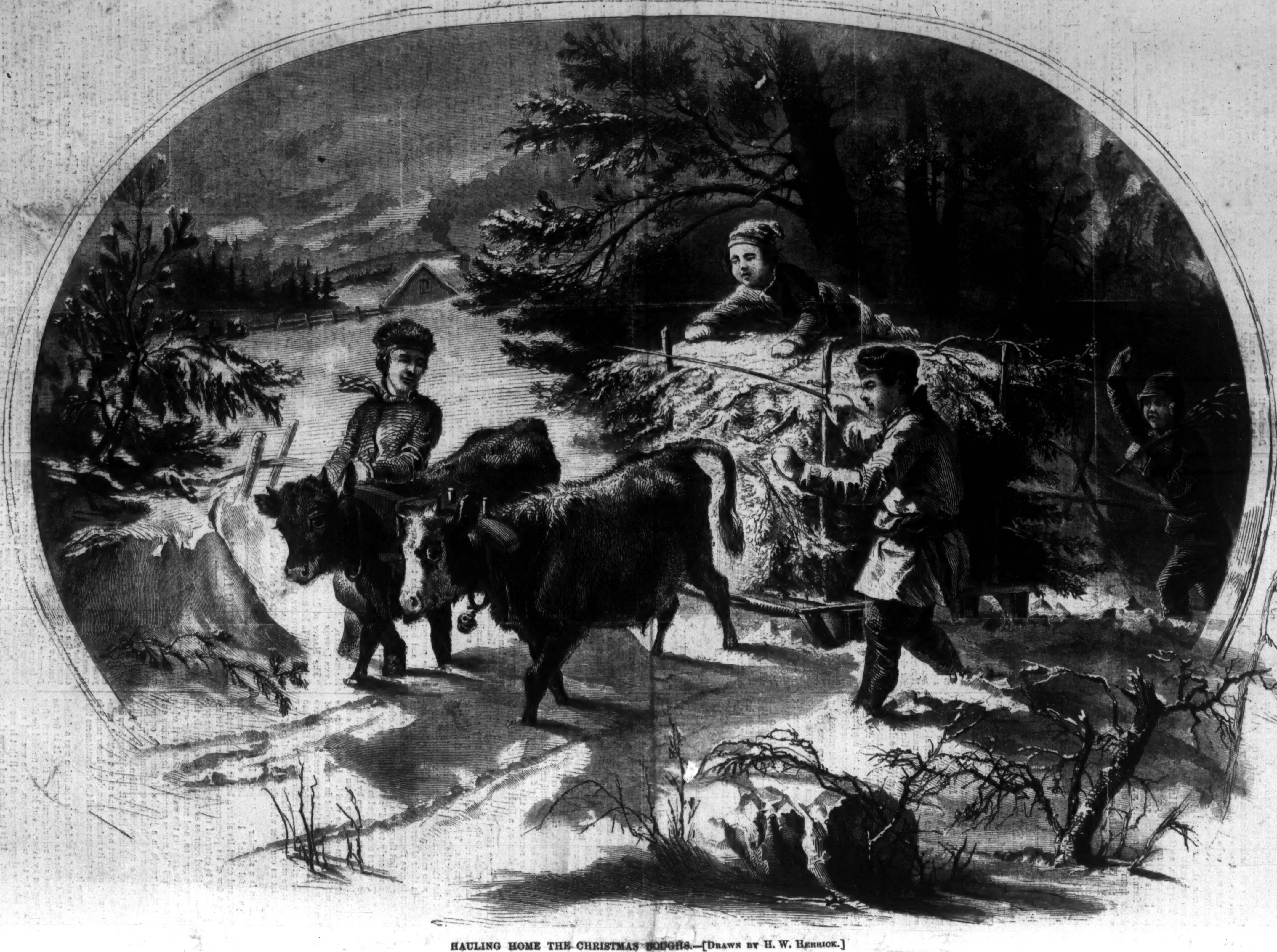
*December* 17:

(LONDON.)—It is stated semi-officially that General Almonte has received assurances by telegraph that Maximilian has abandoned his intention of leaving Mexico, and of an avowed determination to put himself at the head of the loyal Mexicans and fight for his crown.

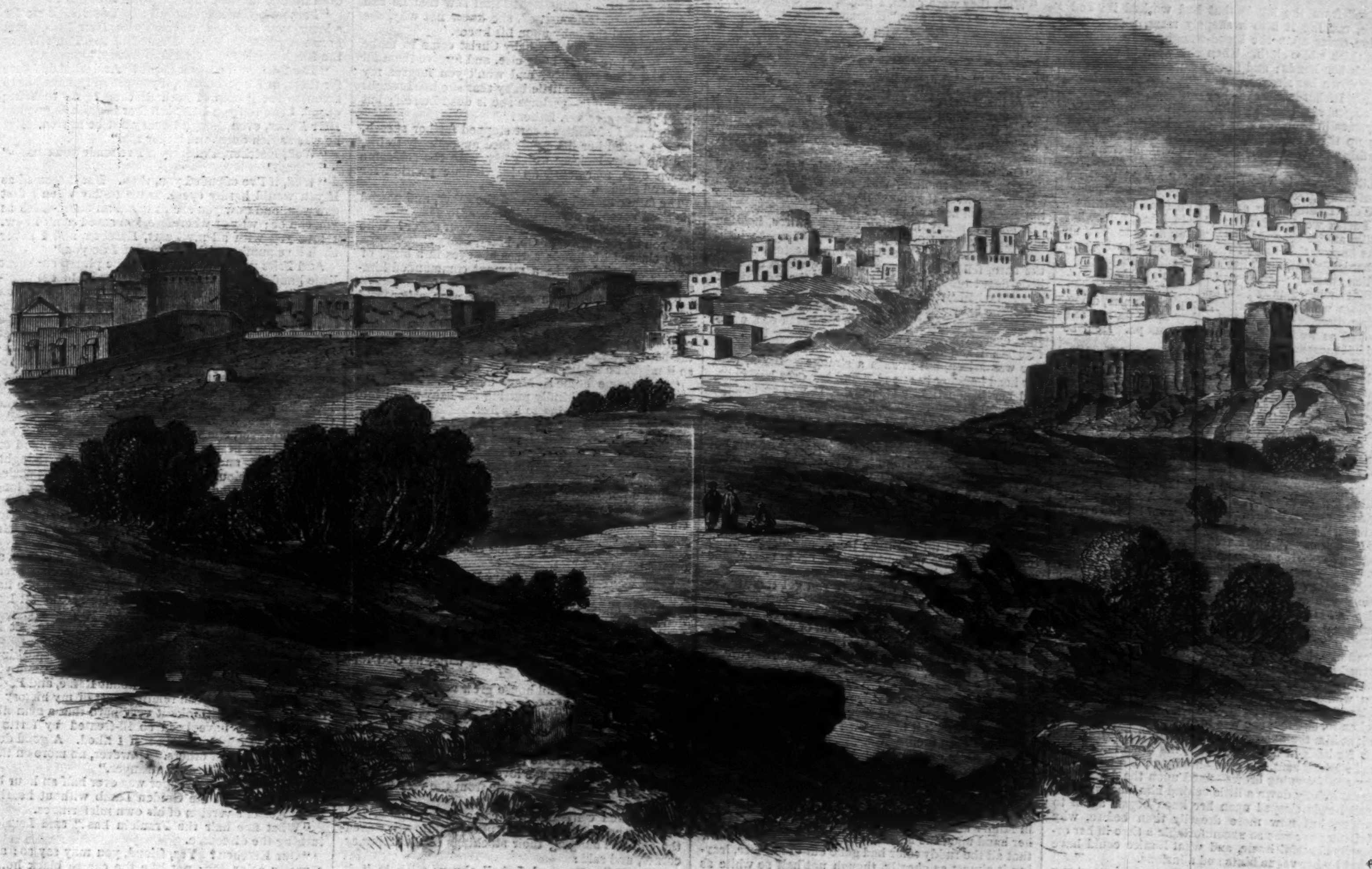
(VALETTA, Malta.)—A United States sloop of war has arrived here, bound to Alexandria to take Surratt back to America.

### THE EMPRESS CARLOTTA.

The condition of this lady is considered hopeless. Besides her deranged mental condition, she suffers from a tubercular affection of the lungs, from which a fatal result is feared.



HAULING HOME THE CHRISTMAS BOUGHS.—[Drawn by H. W. Herrick.]



BETHLEHEM—SCENE OF THE HOLY NATIVITY.

## BETHLEHEM.

AMONG our Christmas illustrations we give on this page two, touching more nearly the sacred nature of this joyful season: a View of Bethlehem—the scene of the Nativity; and a beautiful representation of the Wise Men of the East following the Star to Bethlehem. The two pictures are intimately related to each other, the centre of interest in either case being the manger-cradle, "where the young child lay." No place has associations so sacred as Bethlehem. About here dwelt the shepherds to whom the angels sang that everlasting Gospel carol of "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men." This story of the angels with their message and song still glorifies Bethlehem in the thought of the Christian. For him the sky above the little village is still the scene of that angelic pomp, and the hills still resound with that first Christmas song of Glory and Peace and Good-Will. And he ever follows the Wise Men to pay his adoration to the new-born King and Redeemer.

## MIMI'S CHRIST-CHILD.

THE great kitchen had been swept and scoured and dusted to the last point of cleanliness; the hearth had been newly redded, and the iron dogs high piled with oak and hickory logs.

Directly in front of the roaring fire sat Mimi, in her little blue chair, her elbows upon her knees, her chin within her palms, and her great brown eyes fixed upon the fantastic flames whirling and dancing up the chimney.

At the other side of the room, with her back to Mimi and the fire, stood a tall, bony woman, of middle age, laboriously kneading a mass of wheaten dough, and solacing her labor by humming a psalm-tune.

The only other occupant of the room was a great tortoise-shell cat who lay at Mimi's feet, her legs stretched out toward the fire, her head crouched upon the bricks, and her yellow eyes sleepily blinking as they too watched the blaze, which made of them two great topazes.

The purring of the cat, the grave melody of the hymn, and the crackling of the fire, mingled pleasantly with each other and with Mimi's reverie, until at last she said, softly:

"Eunice!"

"'Up, Israel! to the Temple haste,
And keep your festal day!'"

sang the woman, plunging vigorously at the dough.

"Eunice!" called Mimi again.

"What say?" and, still anchored by the fists in the clinging mass of dough, Eunice turned her head over her shoulder, and looked in some surprise at the motionless little figure in the blue arm-chair.

"Do you know how to make plum-pudding, Eunice?" asked Mimi, after a little pause.

"Of course I do! I can make a first-rate plum-pudding, only your pa don't like 'em, so we never have 'em."

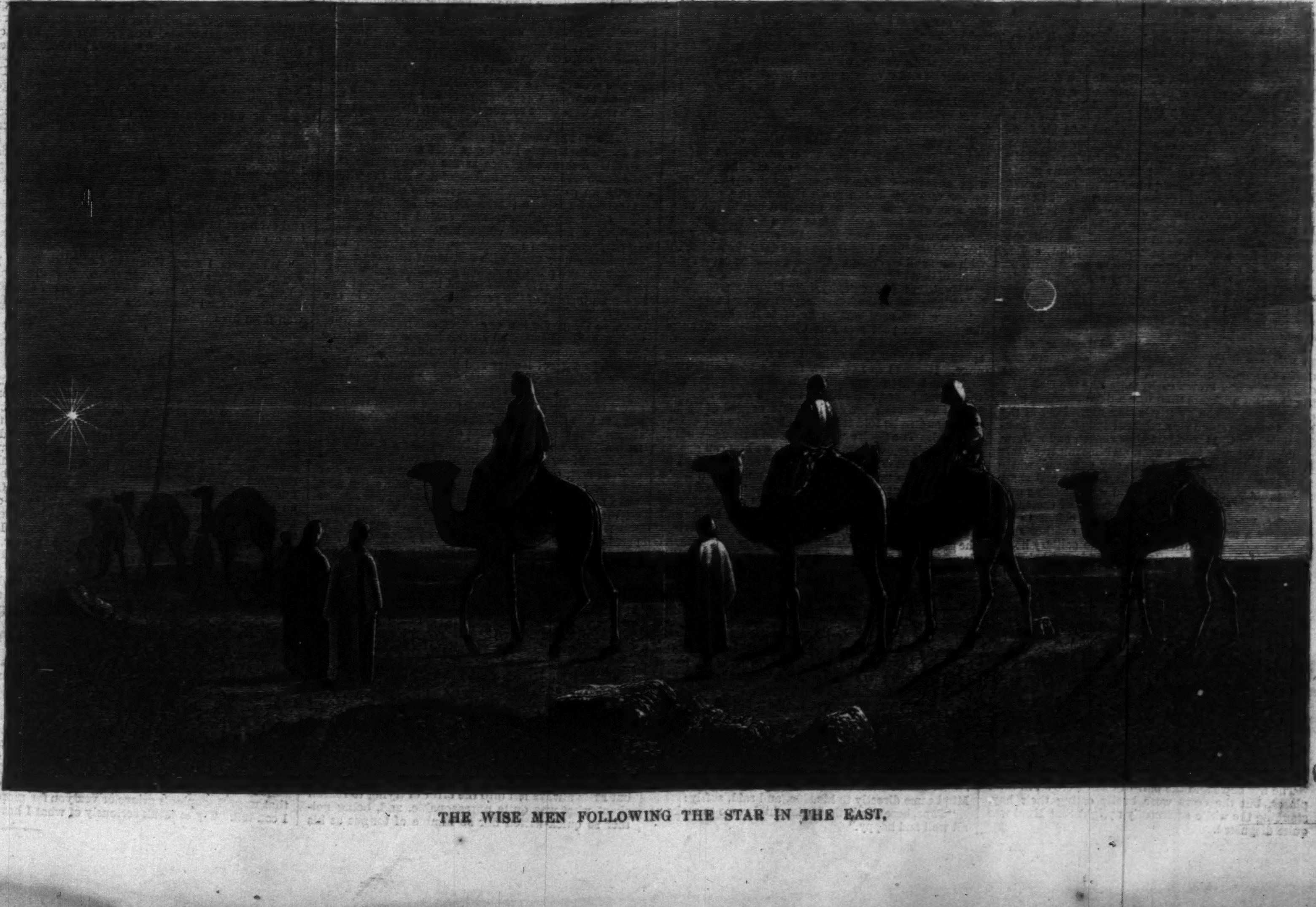
Mimi made no reply, and after a moment Eunice went on with her work and her tune.

"'How pleased and blest was I!'" sang she, when again she was interrupted.

"Eunice, what are we going to have for dinner to-morrow? It is Christmas-day."

"I know that. We're agoing to have baked beans and brown bread and Injun pudding. We've had that dinner every Christmas-day this ten year."

The dough was now so thoroughly kneaded as to



THE WISE MEN FOLLOWING THE STAR IN THE EAST.

"cleave" from the hands that had worked it; and Eunice, making it into a shapely mass, placed the wooden cover upon the bread-trough, and over this laid a thick white cloth. Then she went to the sink to wash her hands; and finally came toward the fire rolling down her sleeves.

"Luly Richardson says they are going to have a roasted goose and plum-pudding for dinner to-morrow, and games in the evening; and to-night they will all hang up their stockings, and Santa Claus will put something in every one," said Mimi, without changing her position."

"Like enough! The Doctor's folks hold to these sort of things," replied Eunice, rather contemptuously.

"Well, I think they are real nice sorts of things, and I wish we did them too," said Mimi, somewhat hastily, as she changed her position so as to look up at the brown, thin face of the housekeeper, who, still mechanically pulling at her sleeve, said, softly:

"Ten years ago—ten years ago to-night!"

"Since what, Eunice?" asked Mimi, eagerly.

"Since we kep' Christmas," replied Eunice, dryly, adding directly: "Now I'm going up to fix me, and you had as well go and set with your pa. He'll be kind of lonesome to-night, I reckon."

"Why, Eunice? Why will he be lonesome to-night? And why haven't we kept Christmas for ten years? That's as old as I am—almost. The twenty-seventh of December I shall be ten."

"Yes—that was the worst of it, I expect," said Eunice, absently, as she stood still plucking at her sleeve.

"The worst of what? What do you mean, Eunice? I wish you would tell me!" exclaimed Mimi, petulantly.

"If wishes was horses beggars might ride," quoted Eunice, smiling grimly as she left the room.

Mimi looked after her a moment, and then, pushing back her chair a little impatiently, went toward a door at the farther end of the kitchen.

"I'll ask papa," murmured she, softly turning the latch and entering the room as quietly as possible, for Mr. Beverly was a man whom most persons feared as much as they liked, and even his bright and petted little daughter was apt to restrain her step and her voice in his presence to much quieter demonstration than usual.

Especially to-night, for the Squire, as Eunice liked to call him, had upon his face a look which Mimi had learned to know, and did not love. A look of gloom, and sorrow, and stern endurance, a reader of expression would have said; but to Mimi it was only the look which meant papa did not wish to speak or to be spoken to, and that she was to make no noise, or even look at him too fixedly. So, just glancing at him, sitting far back in his study-chair, his arms folded, his head slightly bent, his eyes—hardly visible under the gray and frowning brows—fixed upon the dying fire, she sat quietly down a little behind him, and with her small hands clasped upon her knee began again to wonder, but now more drearily than before, why Christmas-eve was so uncomfortable a time in her ordinarily cheerful home, and what Eunice could have meant by her vague hints and allusions.

But at ten years old one does not wonder long at any thing, and Mimi presently began to study, as she had often done before, the figures in a large painting hanging over the fire-place.

The scene was a stable—the rough beams cobweb-draped, the farming utensils scattered around. In the fore-ground was a group consisting of a lovely woman holding an infant in her arms—an infant upon whose tiny features the painter had tried to impress the tenderness, the holiness, the conscious sacrifice which from his birth marked the Holy Child as one distinct from the sons of men. Behind the mother and infant stood the venerable form of Joseph; and at the right-hand side were dimly seen the figures of the Wise Men coming to do homage to the baby Christ. At the left-hand side of the painting were some oxen kneeling, their great brown eyes fixed in dumb adoration upon the scene before them.

Mimi knew what the picture meant, for she had often talked of it with Eunice, and she now sat thinking of the sweet old story that it told, until, half-unconsciously, she said:

"I wonder if the cattle really do kneel in their stalls on Christmas-eve? Eunice says some people believe it. Do you, papa?"

"What, child?" asked her father, never raising the gray head from its drooping posture.

"Do you believe the cattle kneel in their stalls on Christmas-eve, because that is the time the Lord was born?" asked Mimi, reverently.

"I know nothing about it. Why do you ask me? I have nothing to do with Christmas-eve or its legends. Go away, child, and play with your doll, or talk to Eunice."

He leaned forward as he spoke, and laid his forehead in his clasped hands. Mimi stood for an instant looking at him, and longing with all her loving little heart to soothe and comfort this mysterious grief; but the habit of obedience to her father's commands was stronger than the tender impulse, and she crept silently to the door, opened and shut it as softly as she could, and stood again alone in the kitchen.

"Eunice told me to go to papa, and papa tells me to go to Eunice," thought the poor child, sadly. "Doesn't any body want me or love me when it is Christmas-eve? I wish there was a little Christ in our barn, and I would go and stay with him. And then the cows—I wonder if our cows know it is Christmas-eve, and if they will kneel in their stalls! I mean to go and see."

So Mimi took from the peg behind the door her little Rob Roy cloak, threw it across her shoulders, and drew the hood over her head, looking, with her sweet earnest face and brown curls, more like the Red Riding Hood in a picture than like a little New England country girl. Then quietly letting herself out at the back-door, she stood for a moment upon the step looking about her. It was just after sunset, and a warm glow still lingered in the west, melting imperceptibly into the cold, hard blue of the sky overhead, where already some stars were glittering bright and sharp as bayonet points. A north wind was sweeping over the wide fields, and, catching the edges of the snow-wreaths, whirled them off in feathery clouds to fall presently a mimic snow-shower upon another spot. Far away upon the hill-side stood the solitary house in view; and as Mimi noticed the ruddy light streaming from all the windows she knew that Luly Richardson's "good time" was in progress.

A little shudder ran through the child's frame. Partly it was the north wind, that just then flung a shower of icy spray into her face; partly it was the chill at her heart, which she had brought from her father's study.

She made a backward step and laid her hand upon the latch; but just then a cow lowed from the barn, and Mimi paused.

"I *will* just run and see if they are kneeling," said she, aloud, and jumping off the step, she hurried along the path dug through the deep snow to the barn, and, with fingers already numb with cold, raised the wooden latch of the little door, and leaving it wide open, went in.

The five cows and the pair of oxen were all in their places, but the cows were busily eating their hay, standing the while so sturdily upright that Mimi was quite disgusted.

"Well, they were oxen, I guess, in the real stable. Maybe cows don't know," murmured she, and passed on to Star and Bright, who were certainly not in a standing position, but whether they could be said to kneel, or whether they were merely lying down, Mimi could not at first determine; and she was still bending over them, while they, looking back at her with great, luminous eyes, seemed to wonder what she could want, when she was startled by a sound from behind the mound of hay in the barn-floor—a sound of a little child cooing and talking to itself in sweet, inarticulate baby-talk.

"Oh, if it should be another little baby Christ!" thought Mimi, thrilling with awe and delight, and slipping between the stanchels, she crept on tip-toe to the mound of hay and peeped around it.

A baby, a pretty, laughing baby lay there, holding up a little mottled fist to catch a ray of light which, streaming through a knot-hole in the western wall of the barn, fell directly across him, and which he, poor little dear! took, perhaps, for one of the "clouds of glory" he had "trailed" from Paradise.

But the baby was not alone. Just beyond him lay a woman, young and lovely as the Madonna of the picture, except that her sweet face was whiter than any face Mimi had ever seen, and thinner and sadder. She was asleep, but in such a strange position, with her head hanging to one side and her eyes half open, and her hands tightly clenched. It was so strange and awful a sleep that Mimi, standing and peeping at it around the pile of hay, shivered again as she had done at the kiss of the north wind, and was creeping a little back when the baby, catching sight of her, began to coo again, holding up his arms and stirring his feet impatiently as who should say,

"I'm glad to see you, you dear little girl. Come and take me up, won't you?"

Mimi understood the appeal as well as if it had been spoken; and with a sudden impulse she rushed forward, snatched up the little thing, and darted away toward the house without glancing again at the pale woman still motionless in her strange sleep.

"Sakes alive, Mimi, what have you got there?" exclaimed Eunice, as the breathless little figure flew into the kitchen, and closing the door behind her, stood with her back against it as if fearful of pursuit.

"Oh, Eunice, it's a little Christ-baby, I believe, and its mother is asleep in the barn, and oh, she's so dreadful white and still."

"In the barn—in our barn?" asked Eunice, incredulously, as she came forward and looked closely at the child in Mimi's arms, and then, with a sort of gasping exclamation, took it in her own and carried it into the full light of the fire.

"Yes, she's on the hay-pile in the bay, and she's just as sound asleep as she can be," panted Mimi.

"Now the Lord save us if it should be so, and this very night of all the nights in the year," murmured Eunice, and then she laid the little patient baby back in Mimi's arms and hastened toward the door. With her hand upon the latch she turned, and the child saw that all the ruddy color had gone out of her face, leaving it almost as ghastly, though not half so white as that of the sleeper in the barn.

"Where's David, do you know?" asked she, sharply; and Mimi answered, wonderingly:

"No; I suppose he's at his own house."

"I'll run there first, it's only a step. You keep the baby quiet, Mimi, and don't let it cry for your life."

She was gone and the door closed, and Mimi, almost wondering if she were awake and all this was real, seated herself in the little blue arm-chair with the baby upon her knees and studied his pretty face and great brown eyes which looked up at her with a strangely familiar glance.

She was still so engaged when heavy steps were heard without; and Eunice, opening the door, held it for David, who entered with cautious steps, carrying in his arms the lifeless form of the woman Mimi had seen in the barn.

"Right in here, Dave, and don't make noise enough to start a weasel. I wouldn't have the Squire come out now not for a hundred dollars," whispered Eunice, showing the way to her own bedroom, a small chamber opening from the kitchen. David, stepping with painful caution, followed her in and laid his helpless burden upon the bed.

"Now run home and send up Nancy just as quick as she can come! Hurry now, man, if you ever hurried in your life!"

"Yes'm!" answered David, scuttling away as fast as he could, while Eunice, with great tears running down her cheeks and dropping off her pointed chin, began to undress the cold, still figure upon her bed, whispering all the time:

"Poor dear creter! Poor gal! To think of her coming to this! Poor lamb!"

Then suddenly she beckoned to Mimi, who went to her, still carrying the baby in her arms, and wondering if all the mysteries that had perplexed her so long were about to end in this one great mystery. No sooner was she within reach than Eunice, grasping her arm with unconscious force, led her to the bed, and, pointing to the white face upon the pillow, said:

"It's your own sister, Mimi Beverly. It's your father's oldest child, and if she isn't dead she's nigh it, with cold and starving and hard work. What do you think of that?"

"My sister! I haven't any sister!" stammered Mimi, half-frightened at the housekeeper's earnest tone.

"None that ever was spoke of in this house since the night ten year ago this Christmas-eve, that she run away with a man her father had forbid her ever to speak to or think of again, and the next day they was gone. It killed her mother, for she took sick that night, and three days after laid in her shroud; and then your father cursed her, and the curse clung to her. She wrote after a while, and begged to be forgiven, and to be told if her mother forgive her before she died. The Squire wrote back an answer—what it was I don't know, but them as knows him can guess; and from that day her name has never been heard in this house no more, no nor half so much, as if she'd been dead; but year by year I've seen that nater was at work in the Squire's heart, and as one Christmas after another has come round they've laid heavier and heavier on his head, till they've bent it almost into the grave. Whether it's the dead mother or the cursed daughter he's mourning for I can't say, but now's the time to find out, and you're the one to do it, Mimi. Thank the Lord there's a little warmth at last in this hand!—and here's Nancy coming. Go, child, and tell it any way you like! There's them as puts words into the mouths of such as you, when the wise ones couldn't find a word to say for themselves."

As she spoke she gently pushed Mimi out of the bedroom and closed the door. The child hesitated but for a moment, and then, with a strange light kindling in her eyes, and a bright color burning on her cheeks, she went directly to the door of the study, and entered with the baby in her arms.

It was dark now, except a dull red gleam from the dying fire; but Mimi could see that her father had laid his arms upon the table with his head upon them, and as she opened the door she thought she heard a stifled moan. Without waiting to lose her courage Mimi came directly to his side, and said, softly:

"Papa, here is a little Christ-child come to make us all well and happy."

Without reply the father raised his head and looked at her, and in the faint light Mimi saw that he had been weeping. Encouraged, she knew not why, she knelt and laid the baby upon his knees.

"Papa dear, didn't the baby Christ come to make every body love every body else, and forgive them all they had done naughty? and won't you forgive my sister because of this little baby that she has brought to you? and she is—perhaps she is dead herself; but won't you forgive her, father?"

The flutter of Mimi's heart stopped farther speech, but she raised her little pale face appealingly to his, and the baby, looking up at him with the self-same brown eyes, murmured an inarticulate petition for love and pardon.

The father looked at one and the other, and passed his hand vacantly across his forehead.

"Your sister, Mimi? What about your sister? Who told you of your sister? Oh, Mary, Mary!"

He clasped his hands across his eyes in a burst of passionate grief, but in a moment commanded himself, and asked again:

"Mimi, what did you say about your sister, and what is this baby?"

"It is her baby, dear papa. It is my own sister's own baby; and she is here too; and I found them in the barn, and thought it was a little Christ-child—and so it might be for us, mightn't it, papa?"

"Mary come home! Mary here!" exclaimed the father, hastily but kindly putting the baby again into Mimi's arms, and rising to his feet.

"Yes; but she is very sick, and perhaps she isn't alive at all. Eunice and Peter's wife are trying to wake her up, but she sleeps so sound they don't know if she will ever wake. Will you forgive her, papa, if she does?"

"If the Lord and she can forgive me, Mimi, it is but very little for me to forgive her," said the Squire, solemnly. And then he stood for a moment with his gray head bowed upon his hand, and Mimi thought that he was thanking the good God who had sent a comforter to find him.

Some hours later, when Mary Perceval opened her heavy eyes consciously upon this world again, she found her father bending over her with love and pardon in his face. She was too weak as yet to speak, but her pleading eyes spoke for her, and as the father bent to kiss her he whispered:

"Let us forgive each other, my child, as God forgives us both."

And so the great still house grew merry once again with the sound of children's happy voices and pattering feet, and Mimi found the lonely places of her life filled with the sweet new loves that had come to it; for the pale and gentle Mary tried hard to fill the place of a mother to the little sister whom her misconduct had robbed of a mother's love and care; and the baby—the Christmas baby—became from the very first the joy and the pride of Mimi's heart.

And when Christmas-eve came round again, Eunice, compounding a mighty plum-pudding, watched the children hanging their stockings in the chimney corner, and said:

"Well, Miss Perceval, I shall always stick to it, it was something out of the common that put it in Mimi's head to go looking in the barn after a Christ-child, as she calls it. If she hadn't found you there you'd have been gone afore morning to a sartainty, and maybe Noel too."

"Yes," answered Mary, in her gentle voice, "it was the Christ-child himself who sent my little sister to me. I am sure of it."

# KATCHEN'S CAPRICES.

## IN TEN CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER III.

KATCHEN, on reaching home, ran into her own room, and, having fastened the door, relieved her mortified feelings by giving loose to a copious flow of tears. They were childlike tears; an April shower which fell easily, and gave place to sunshine, without leaving any stormy ground-swell behind them, as a fit of weeping will do in more passionate natures. She had made many high resolves that she would not, by any persuasion, give her company to the smokers in the kitchen. She would stay up there by herself, and be miserable without knowing why. But as the afternoon wore on she repented of her resolution, and at last, about supper-time—that is to say, between four and five o'clock—she put her head outside the door to listen to what was going on. She heard her father's rich bass voice rolling out short, disjointed sentences between pauses that, she knew, were delightfully occupied by smoking; and then she heard a ringing laugh that made her heart beat a little quicker, and, after a farewell glance at the green mirror, she stole down stairs quietly, and went down to the kitchen with an assumption of perfect indifference to the presence of any one there. Besides her father and Fritz there was another man seated at the table, smoking a long pipe, which Katchen at once perceived to be a real meerschaum. The stranger was a singularly ugly man, with flat, blunt features and a short bull neck; but he looked good-humored withal, and intelligent. He was dressed in a frock-coat and trowsers, instead of the peasant costume worn by the usual frequenters of the Golden Lamb. There was no one else there, for the one stout serving-maid who, with Katchen, performed all the indoor work of the house, had leave on Sunday evenings to visit her friends. So Josef Kester and his two guests had the spacious kitchen all to themselves. A little table was drawn up close to one of the open windows, whence a sweet scent from the woodbine came in with the pure air, but was speedily choked and stifled by the heavy clouds of tobacco-smoke that almost hid the smokers from view. Each man had before him a great glass tankard of foaming amber beer. No one noticed Katchen at first, and she went and sat down at another window furthest removed from that where the men were, and, pushing back the lattice, leaned her elbows on the sill and looked out at the lake. Presently she felt that some one was standing very close to her, but she would not turn round; and then Fritz's voice said in her ear, "My Katchen, won't you speak to me?"

"*Your* Katchen, indeed! Not quite. And besides—" Here Katchen gave a pretty toss of her head in the direction of the stranger.

"Oh, you needn't mind him," said simple Fritz, delighted to think that he had discovered the reason of his sweet-heart's show of coolness. "He's a very good fellow; Johann Laurier, a Swiss courier. He has come from Ischl with the foreign lady and gentleman. And he knows—that is, I told him—that you and I—"

"What did you tell him, Herr Rosenheim? How dare you talk about me to a stranger without my permission?"

It seemed fated that whatever Fritz said or did today should affront Katchen.

This state of things was not entirely unprecedented; but Fritz always fell into the error of trying to reason about what was quite unreasonable, and, being neither so quick-witted nor so nimble of tongue as his pretty antagonist, he got the worst of the argument, even though he were thoroughly in the right.

"I suppose you're too proud to acknowledge me for a lover, now that you've dined with Herr Ebner, and been rowed in his boat. I heard of it. The folks at the Black Eagle say all sorts of things."

"The folks at the Black Eagle! And what do I care for them, or for you either, if you are so ignorant as to listen to the gossip of such as them? As to being proud, I can tell you I think father is quite as good as Herr Ebner, even though he may not be as rich. But he was as rich once, and richer too."

"Well, Katchen, I'm sorry if I've made you cross—"

"Cross!"

"Well, if I've offended you, then. But it seemed as if you would hardly speak to me to-day when I first saw you, and now you are as cold and stand-offish as you can be; why or wherefore, I'm sure I don't know. I love you with all my heart, Katchen, and I never shall love another girl the same as I do you."

And Fritz ventured to take up the plump sunburnt little hand that lay on Katchen's lap. He held it lightly in his broad brown palm for a moment, and then the willful girl jerked it away with a pettish exclamation, and walked off toward her father. "You tease me," said she, over her shoulder. It was somewhat trying to her lover, that, while Katchen was extremely exacting in her demands on his devotion, she resented any show of tenderness on his part; and sometimes, when he was most earnest in his expressions of love, she would turn all he said into ridicule, and make the house ring with laughter at his protestations. To-night, however, she was not in a laughing mood, but went and sat beside her father, resting her hand on his shoulder, and apparently absorbed in thought. She was conscious, though, of Fritz's rueful puzzled look as he resumed his seat, and absently took long pulls at a perfectly cold pipe; and she was conscious, also, of the admiring gaze that Monsieur Jean Laurier cast upon her flushed face. "Your daughter, Mr. Landlord?" said he, with a polite bow.

"Yes, Herr Laurier, my little Katerina—Katchen, as she's always called. Child, this gentleman is a great traveler, and can tell you of wonderful places he has seen, and wonderful people too. He speaks all languages—"

"Not quite all, Herr Landlord," modestly put in Laurier.

"Yes, yes, *all*, I say—all that are worth speaking. You should have come down before, you puss, and you would have heard such things about Rome, and Paris, and Vienna. I've been relating part of my history to the Herr, and he thinks it very hard that a man like myself should have been so ill-treated by fortune. But, lord! I could explain it if I liked. A good deal of it is the fault of others. However, no more on that score. It can't interest a stranger."

Nevertheless, no stranger was ever half an hour beneath the roof of the Golden Lamb without hearing Josef Kester's version of his own misfortunes.

"What fine hair the Fraulein has!" said Laurier, turning the discourse.

"Our Katchen? Yes, friend, you may say so; and a pretty color, too; not like the coarse black horse-hair one sees hereabouts. Her blessed mother was a Saxon, and she has her mother's hair."

"It's long, too, I suppose," pursued the courier. "It seems all coiled round and round, so."

"Long! I believe you. Pull that bodkin out, Katchen, and let the Herr see its length."

And, as Katchen hesitated, he took the pins out with his own hand, and the great silky plaits tumbled down over her shoulders.

"Unplait it, child. It's nearly twice as long when it's all loose. There, Herr Laurier, did you ever see a prettier sight than that in your travels?"

The Swiss got up, and took a long soft tress in his hand, weighing it with a thoughtful look.

"Don't mind me, mam'sell; I've a daughter as old as you, at home in Lausanne. I tell you what, there's a friend of mine, a hairdresser in Paris, who would give you almost any sum you'd like to ask for this hair. It's all the fashion just now, and they can't get enough of it any where."

Katchen jumped back, and hastily twisted up her hair into one great lump, looking meanwhile half in terror, half in indignation, at the courier. But old Josef roared with laughter.

"No, no, thank you. Not to make a wig for our empress herself, God bless her! We're not so poor as that comes to, yet a while. Don't look scared, Katchen. I should like to see the barber who'd put scissors near your head."

"I'm not scared, father. How stupid you are! But I don't want to make a show of myself any longer, that's all."

Laurier was more a man of the world than poor Rosenheim, and had lived in it some twenty years longer, so, instead of apologizing, or arguing, or retracting, he began a description of the wonderful head-dresses that the ladies wore in Paris, the fine feathers, and flowers, and jewels which adorned their borrowed locks. And in listening to this topic of feminine interest Katchen had time to recover her composure, and even put in a few questions of her own. Before the evening was over, Laurier had established himself in the good graces of both father and daughter.

"Whenever I come this way I shall certainly pay you a visit, Herr Kester," said the courier. They parted with many good wishes on both sides, and Fritz was well pleased to receive a tolerably gracious farewell from his capricious lady-love.

### CHAPTER IV.

THE next day things resumed their old monotonous course at the Golden Lamb. Fritz and the friendly courier were far away on their road to Salzburg. Laurier had said that if he chanced to travel in their direction next year he should certainly come and see the Kesters; but meanwhile, there was all the autumn, and winter, and spring to get through. Gradually—Katchen could scarcely trace how—it came to be no unusual thing for Caspar Ebner to drop in to the Golden Lamb of an evening, and before long it was quite an established custom for the Kesters to be taken to and from the church at Hallstadt in his boat. Little presents of flowers, and fruit, and choice cheese, or a bottle of fine Rudesheimer, were sent from the Black Eagle to the Golden Lamb; and once Herr Ebner brought out from his pocket a pair of bright gold ear-rings, which he begged Katchen to accept. But these she refused. And the refusal brought on an argument which ended in a formal offer of Caspar Ebner's hand and heart. "Herr Ebner," said Katchen with a gasp, "you can't be in earnest!"

"Not in earnest, Katerina! Is it possible that you have been blind to my feelings all this time? Can you honestly say so?"

"Well, I fancied, perhaps, that you liked me a little, and—and—thought me pretty; but I never believed that you really—really—" And Katchen began to cry. Why *would* people be so tiresome, and serious, and in earnest? Ebner was terribly distressed at sight of her tears.

"My child, my child," said he, "pray don't cry in that way. I wouldn't grieve or vex you for more than I can tell. Try to think seriously of what I have said to you. I love you, Katerina, better than I believe you will ever be loved again."

"But I d-don't love you," sobbed Katchen.

"I don't expect you should, all at once. Indeed no. I am twenty years older than you, my child, and staid and dull in your eyes. But I will be kind to you—oh, Katchen, if you will let me, I will be so kind to you! You shall be mistress of every thing I possess, and your father shall have a home with us while he lives. I have plenty."

"But I am quite, quite poor. I have not a kreutzer of dowry. Perhaps you didn't know?" And the blue eyes looked up into Herr Ebner's spectacles with a naive expression of wonder. The spectacles flashed all over their unmeaning surface as he shook his head, but the eyes behind them were very soft and tender when he answered:

"I did know, I do know; but, my child, no riches could make you more dear to me."

Katchen had a heart, in spite of her frivolity, and it was touched by the generosity and disinterested affection of her middle-aged suitor. But to marry him! Ah, that was another thing! And then there was Fritz. No, it couldn't be. But Ebner refused to take her answer at once. He would give her a week to consider of his proposal, and meanwhile would not obtrude himself on her in any way. "Only," said he, as he went away, "do try to be good to me, my child—*try* to be good to me."

When old Josef Kester heard of the proposal he was elate with joy and pride.

"Ain't you astonished, father?" said Katchen.

"Astonished? Not a bit of it. I saw, long ago, that the man was desperately in love with one of us two, and I naturally supposed it to be you."

But his pleasure was suddenly quenched when his daughter protested that, though she felt deeply grateful to Herr Caspar Ebner, and proud of his good opinion, she could never consent to be his wife. At first Josef treated this as mere childish folly that meant nothing. But the more he argued, and the angrier he grew, the more obstinate became Katchen's opposition. So at last he took refuge in his old system of letting her take her own way—for the present.

Two or three days of the week went by, and Katchen had by no means made up her mind as to the answer she should give Caspar Ebner. Her father's tactics of non-opposition were beginning to tell. She thought of the grandeur that lay at her feet, ready to be picked up. The fine clothes, the servants, the importance, the chance of travel, perhaps even of seeing Vienna—all these temptations crowded through her mind pell-mell. And then, duty to her father! Ought not *that* to weigh with her? In the midst of her indecision came a letter from Fritz. That is to say, a letter written by some friend at Fritz's dictation, for his own caligraphic powers extended only to the crooked signing of his name. A letter from Fritz! She had never received one from him before.

"MY OWN KATCHEN,—I am right glad that I can send you this letter. A trusted friend here at Salzburg writes it down, but the words are all my own. You seemed somewhat cold when I saw you last; but I fear I was to blame. To confess the truth, I was jealous of the landlord of the Black Eagle. Yes indeed. Was I not a fool? Just as if you would think of him! But true love is always kin with jealousy, they say. I know your worth, my angel, and feel sure of your fidelity. But only I would advise, go not too often to Herr Ebner's house. Folks will talk else. I shall see you, please Heaven, early in the year. Meanwhile, forget me not.

"Thine, ever loving,
"FRITZ ROSENHEIM.

"Greet thy father heartily for me."

Katchen was as uncertain as the sea in her moods; and this unlucky letter sent her into a most hard-hearted and contemptuous frame of mind. "He is sure of me, is he? Could he say more if we had been betrothed before the whole village? And why *shouldn't* he be jealous, indeed? As if it were impossible to love any one better than him! Advises me not to go to the Black Eagle! It's downright insolent. I know very well what I'm doing." And so she worked up her wrath to boiling-point. On a sudden she crushed the offending letter in her hand, and ran down to the water's brink, where her father was pottering about the old boat, trying to mend it in an awkward, unworkmanlike way. He looked tired and aged, and conscious of waning strength and failure in his attempt. His clothes were very threadbare and shabby. His broad placid forehead was puckered up into ignoble cross lines. The down-hill path was getting steeper and steeper; the downward pace quicker and quicker. Tears came into Katchen's eyes as she looked at him, and, with an impulse born of many mingled emotions, she ran to him, and putting her hands on his shoulders, said, "Father, would you really like me to marry Herr Ebner? Would it make you happy?"

"Child! it is as if you had dropped from heaven! I was just brooding over a tangled web of troubles, and thinking that there was but one way to unravel them, and that you wouldn't take that way, when behold, you come with the welcomest words on your lips that I've heard this many a long year."

"Would it really and truly make you happy, father?"

"Happy! More happy than I thought ever to be again, child."

"Then I will," said Katchen, in a low voice.

Josef kissed his daughter, and blessed her, but repressed any exuberant demonstrations of joy, although he could have leaped and shouted aloud. Thought he: "If I say too much, she'll begin to argue on the other side, and change her mind altogether." Josef was growing cunning.

### CHAPTER V.

NOT to be tempted to break his word to Katchen, Herr Ebner had gone away from Gossan, thus leaving her quite free and unmolested for her week of consideration. Had Ebner been on the spot, Josef Kester would have stolen up to the Black Eagle to give him the good tidings secretly. As it was, he had no choice but to wait until the end of the week. The days passed slowly with him, but to Katchen they seemed to fly past with unwonted rapidity. She sat idly dreaming from morning till night, scarcely making a pretense of turning the [illegible] spinning-wheel, before which she sat nearly all day. The servant girl was indignant, and complained that all the work fell on her shoulders; but old Josef bade her hold her tongue, and gave hints of some grandeur that was shortly to befall the family, to which Liese listened open-mouthed. At length dawned Saturday morning. The year was well advanced now. Cold winds, chilled by the mountain snows, rushed across the lake and whistled in the scanty foliage, stripping the boughs barer and barer at every gust. The early morning hours were raw and comfortless, although toward mid-day the sun gained power and brightness. When Katchen arose that Saturday morning she felt as though a tight hand were pressing on her heart. "I must decide—I must decide!" These words rang in her ears as if another had spoken them aloud, but they were only uttered by her own anxious thoughts. She came down to prepare breakfast so pale and heavy-eyed that even slow-witted Liese perceived there was something wrong, and bluntly asked her young mistress what was the matter with her, for which attention Liese received a sharp snubbing. Old Kester noticed Katchen's wan looks, but said nothing. In truth, he was a little anxious himself. She had promised to marry Herr Ebner, and that was well; but he did not wish his child to be unhappy.

"It is cold," said Katchen, turning from the table to cower over the great cooking-stove in the kitchen. "I'm so cold, I can't eat." There she sat all the morning, idly clicking her knitting-needles now and again. Slowly the day wore on. Dinner-time came, but Katchen was still too cold to eat, she said, though the sun was high in the heavens. She tasted a few spoonfuls of soup, and then wrapped a warm cloak around her and went out. It was impossible, she said to herself, to sit there any longer, fancying every step to be Ebner's, and expecting to see him each time the latch clicked. Katchen wandered down to the lake's brink, where a pile of fuel was stacked, and sat down on some logs, just as she had done that Sunday at Hallstadt. She thought of that day, and of the many subsequent days when she had received kindness from Caspar Ebner, and she remembered the high character he bore, and his reputation for honor and honesty. She summed up his good qualities in her mind one by one, and asked her heart—so she phrased it mentally—could she consent to be his wife? and something, which I too must call her heart for want of a better word, answered, "No!"

"He is far better than I—far, far better. He is true, and gentle, and generous. Can't I marry him?" "No!"

"He is a learned man compared to ignorant little me, and rich and well thought of. Can't I marry him?" "No!"

"He offers a home to father, and will smooth his last years, and will be a son to him. *Can't* I marry him?" "No!"

Katchen was aghast. She had fancied there was nothing to be done but for her to say unconcernedly, "I will have this man for my husband." To bring herself to this point might be difficult, but the point once reached, all would be settled. And now, behold, when she said "I will," some voice in her bosom answered "*I won't!*" All this time, too, the image of Fritz was haunting her brain. She tried not to think of him, and even thought she was not thinking of him; but there was his face, looking sadly and fondly at her, if she but closed her eyes an instant in her efforts at reflection. Truly this "self" of hers was a most incomprehensible and unmanageable antagonist, and Katchen at last resolved to give up the struggle and float with the tide. Just as she had arrived at this philosophical decision a footstep crushed the pebbles on the beach, and Caspar Ebner stood before her. He advanced with outstretched arms, but Katchen jumped up with a start and made quite a leap backward.

"Did I frighten you, Katerina?" said Ebner, a little crest-fallen.

"No, only you came sudden like."

"Are you not cold here, sitting still? The air blows chill from the lake. Will you walk a little way with me?"

Katchen's knees trembled as she complied with his request. She was in a nervous fever of apprehension, but Ebner did not at once broach the important topic. This was a respite; but then she almost wished he would plunge boldly into the subject, waiting was so dreadful. She had not to wait long, however.

"Katchen," said Ebner, when they had walked a few yards side by side, "have you thought of what I said to you?"

"Yes," said Katchen, in a faint little voice.

"I kept my word, did I not? I went away and left you quite free." No answer.

"Katchen, may I hope you have a kind word to say to me? It will be easy for you, but oh, how precious to me!"

"It—it isn't easy," said Katchen, with a childlike catching of her breath.

"Well, no; perhaps not quite easy for a young maiden to say; but you will say it, eh, Katchen? You will tell me that you will be my wife, my treasure, my darling, the mistress of my home?" And he caught her two cold little hands in his, bending down his tall form so as to look into her face. The action roused Katchen into energy. She wrenched away her hands, though he held them in a strong grasp, and clasped them before her tearful eyes.

"No, no, no, I can't. Indeed—indeed I can't. Don't be angry with me; I am grateful indeed. You are very kind and very generous, but I can't marry you." And she sobbed as though she would choke. Ebner stood and looked at her. A hundred thoughts rushed through his mind, but he could find only one word.

"Why?" he said, jerking the syllable dryly out of his throat.

"Because I—I can't," sobbed Katchen.

It did not sound logical, but it was true.

"You can. If you choose to say yes, you can, unless there is some one else that you love." Ebner's throat seemed to get dryer and dryer, and the words came huskily. Katchen caught at them. They seemed to to offer a tangible reason.

"There is some one who loves me very much—" she began, and then stopped short. Ebner's brow darkened into a frown, and he looked sternly at the weeping girl.

"You have deceived me, then," said he at last. "I trusted in you. I saw you were childish, but I did not think you dishonorable."

"Dishonorable! Oh dear, oh dear, what makes you say such things, and look like that?"

"Yes, dishonorable. I repeat it. Cruel and heartless. You have been playing with me; drawing me on; and all the while you were the promised wife of another man. Why did you not tell me so at once, honestly?"

"But I'm not," retorted Katchen, roused to anger in her turn. She was in the wrong, but that did not make her the less angry. "I'm not his promised wife, and how dare you say so? I'll never have him. I don't love him, nor you, nor any body. I wish I had never been born, I do. You're all cruel and unkind, and I hate you, every one!" Katchen wrapped her cloak over her head, and ran off sobbing, with her apron at her swollen, tear-stained eyes. Ebner was astounded. Was this his sweet, bright, good-humored Katchen? This pettish, passionate, unreasonable girl? Caspar Ebner was in love, it was true, but then he had just been refused; and that, perhaps, helped to make him clear-sighted. At all events he did not perceive that Katchen had been strangely wayward, capricious, and, he thought, deceitful. When a man seriously means to ask a girl to be his wife it is difficult to persuade him that she is not fully aware of his intention. He could not but believe that Katchen had understood his feelings from the first, and now she cast him off and told him of some one else who loved her. His amour propre was deeply hurt. In truth, Ebner had not been at all unconscious of the advantages which Katchen would have derived from his alliance. She was penniless, burdened with a shiftless old father, and in a humble rank of life; but if she had consented to marry him he would never have made her feel these things by word or deed. Now they came vividly before his mind. He had been willing to give up his easy, selfish, bachelor life to raise this ignorant little peasant girl to be the mistress of his home; more than willing—eager to do so, but now under the shock of her unreasonable behavior he said to himself that it would have been a sacrifice. And so he walked slowly home, scorching out the pain of disappointed love with the heat of his angry resentment. But alas! the anger would soon pass, and leave the wounded heart still smarting.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A CLEAR, bright, sunshiny day—cold and cutting though it may be—coming any time within two weeks of Christmas, is actually "*snapped up*" by New York ladies. We do not mean to insinuate that the dear creatures are *physically* hungry so soon after Thanksgiving; though to a superficial observer their collapsed appearance might naturally give that impression. But they are mentally longing and languishing for a sight of the "pretty things" which make Broadway so glittering during the holidays. And, really, they (we mean the "pretty things," which, of course, includes the ladies) are well worth not one only, but many promenades up and down our great thoroughfare. Moreover, it is now very comfortable threading one's way through the crowds. The chance of receiving a dagger-like glance from a lady, upon whose trailing skirt you have unfortunately trodden, is reduced to a minimum. Short dresses, and crinoline of exceedingly diminished circumference, are "all the rage." Very pretty many of them are—and certainly convenient. We advise every body who wants to walk down Broadway and see the "things" *comfortably*, to make haste before the fashion changes. Now it is quite possible for *several* ladies, dressed in the highest style, to stand before a shop-window, at the same time, and satisfy their curiosity in regard to what is exhibited. Formerly *two* was the greatest number possible; and even they seriously interfered with each other. Ah, the wonderful changes of fashion!

Do not forget to let the children *themselves* buy, with their carefully-saved pennies, some little gifts for the Christmas-Tree, or to put secretly into the hanging stockings. They will enjoy the *giving* quite as much as the receiving.

There will be no need to remind loving fathers and mothers to make the coming Festival a happy one to their own children. But that poor shoeless boy who comes to your basement door for the kitchen fragments; those two thinly-clad little girls who often pass your window, laboriously carrying a basket of coal—not a very large one either—and whose red fingers have often excited your pity; that pale, sad-looking young woman who comes to ask for plain sewing—will you or any one remember them and many others, to whom some appropriate Christmas gift would be a godsend, filling their hearts with unaccustomed gladness? Let those whom God has blessed with plenty remember the poor and suffering.

The quiet old folks shiver on the first coming of the sharp, keen, winter days, draw nearer to the bright coal-fire, and sit musingly, toasting their feet. Not so young America. He is up before light in the morning, peeps from the window, half-dressed, to see if the ground is white. If there is no chance of snow-balling he rushes out and slides or skates on the ice in the gutter until the breakfast bell brings him in with red and glowing cheeks. But if you are nervous, any body, shut your ears—for here he comes rushing tumultuously into the house, leaving every door open, and shouting vociferously, "*The Ball is up! the Ball is up!*" There is no help for it—he must be "fixed up" and go to the Park.

It is a matter of some interest to married ladies that a Virginia court recently decided that a wife's clothing belongs to *herself*, in spite of the legal absurdity that a married woman can own nothing. The case was that of theft of clothing from a married lady. The defense set up that the stolen clothing belonged to the husband, and not to the wife, and, therefore, that there was no theft of the plaintiff's clothes as charged. The court took the matter into consideration, and finally decided that a wife owns her own clothing, and not the husband, and the thief was sent to the penitentiary.

A correspondent of the New York *Times*, writing from the far West, refers in the following pathetic strain to the finale of the "Mercer Brigade:"

"All will remember how strongly the ladies, when on the eve of departure from their Eastern homes, protested against the idea that they were going to the Territory in search of husbands, and that they were only coming here in search of work, and that they would *never* get married. Oh no, never! Poor things, they did not know what attractive beings the men of this coast, particularly those who lived in Washington Territory, were. They have all lost their hearts, and most of them have found that which they were seeking, viz.: a lodge in a vast wilderness with a man in it. One lady met her husband for the first time at 3 in the afternoon, and at 9 that evening they were married. That would be called quick work at the East."

A Massachusetts paper tells a comic story of a newly-married couple who attended a launch in a certain city. A staging gave way at a certain point in the proceedings, and down tumbled the gentleman plump into the water. Before he was rescued his wig came off and floated away. When he was pulled out, bald and drenched, his wife refused to recognize him, and besought the crowd that they would save her husband, pointing frantically to a bunch of hair drifting down the tide.

Any one who is doubtful of Brigham Young's opinions will have a clear conception of them from a brief extract from a recent address by him. In speaking of the city of Lowell, he says: "Two thousand good, God-fearing men should go there, and take to themselves seven wives apiece. It is written in the Bible, 'And in that day seven women shall lay hold of one man, saying, we will eat our own bread and wear our own apparel; only let us be called by thy name, to take away our reproach.' The Government of the United States does not intend that that prophecy shall be fulfilled, and the Lord Almighty means that it shall."

The Portland papers state that the third period in the history of the burned district has commenced—the period of restoration. The first was the period of desolation, the second the period of chaos, but now elegant and substantial buildings are being erected with wonderful rapidity.

Among the many interesting relics found in the graves on the battle-field of Antietam during the removal of the dead to the National Cemetery was an ambrotype likeness of a handsome young lady, apparently about seventeen years old. She is sitting in a chair, and dressed in plaid, with short sleeves, bare arms and neck. About her neck is a gold chain, which hangs down by her side as if attached to a locket. Her hands are clasped, and from her arm is suspended an ornamental leather satchel. From appearances her hair was of light auburn color, and, as the ladies term it, "frizzed" in front and braided on the sides; the open braids hang gracefully over her cheeks. Her face is round and expressive, with a small dimple in her chin. This likeness was found on an unknown body.

A recent English work—containing many pretty verses—has the following, which mothers will enjoy reading:

### ONLY A BABY SMALL.

Only a baby small,
  Dropt from the skies;
Only a laughing face,
  Two sunny eyes;
Only two cherry lips,
  One chubby nose;
Only two little hands,
  Ten little toes;
Only a golden head,
  Curly and soft;
Only a tongue that wags,
  Loudly and oft;
Only a little brain,
  Empty of thought;
Only a little heart,
  Troubled with naught;
Only a tender flower,
  Sent us to rear;
Only a life to love
  While we are here.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"You want nothing, do you?" said Pat. "Bedad, an' if it's nothing you want, you'll find it in the jug where the whisky was."

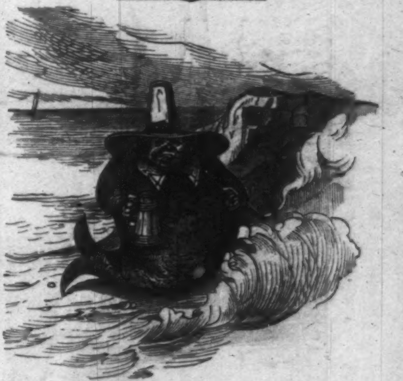
Bassompierre, French embassador to Spain, was telling Henri Quatre how he entered Madrid. "I was mounted on the very smallest mule in the world." "Ah," said Henri, "what a very amusing sight, to see the biggest ass mounted on the smallest mule!" "I was your majesty's representative," was the rejoinder.

"I say, John, where did you get that rogue's hat?" "Please, yer Honor," said John, "it's an ould one o' your'n that the Missis gave me yesterday."

Dr. Franklin's celebrated receipt for cheap sleigh-riding runs as follows: Sit in the hall in your night-clothes, with both doors open, so that you can get a good draft; put your feet in a pail of ice water; drop the front-door key down your back; hold an icicle in one hand and ring the tea-bell with the other. He says you can't tell the difference with your eyes shut, and it's a great deal cheaper.

"Bridget," said a mistress to her Irish servant, "where's the gridiron?" "An' sure, ma'am, I's jist after giving it to my sister's own cousin, Bridget O'Flaherty; the thing's so full of holes it's no good at all."

"Are those bells ringing for fire?" inquired Simon of Tiberias. "No, indeed," answered Tibe, "they have got plenty of fire: the bells are ringing for water."



There was an old Dutchman at Delft,
Loved naught but pipe, beer, and himself,
  So a clammy sea daughter,
  A nymph of the water,
Changed him into a mermanish elf.

Some mischievous wags one night pulled down a turner's sign and put it over a lawyer's door. In the morning it read: "All sorts of turning and twisting done here."

TELEGRAPHIC.—Why must a telegram be slower in transmission than most letters?—Because it must go by so many posts before it reaches its destination.

Said a wag to a friend: "Miss ——, though a rather broad-featured young lady, has a very benign countenance." "Yes," said the friend, "it is seven-by-nine."

WITHOUT THE MEANS.—When an Irish priest rebuked his parishioner for drunkenness, and told him that "whenever he entered an alehouse to drink his guardian angel stood weeping at the door." "And if he had sixpence he'd be in himself," was Pat's reply.

The newest Yankee notion is an umbrella with a gutter round the edge and a spout at one corner.

A gentleman said to his Hibernian servant: "Pat here comes a funeral; do you know who is dead?" "Faith, I guess, Sir, it must be the man in the coffin," was the reply.

What is the greatest virtue in a sea-captain?—Wrecklessness.

ROMANTIC DEATH.—A young lady drowned in tears.

### THE CONJUGAL BANQUET.

Twelve sorts of meat my wife provides,
  Nor fails me of a dish;
Four are of flesh, of fruit are four,
  The other four are fish.

For the first course she stores my board
  With birds that dainties are;
And first a quail,* and next a rail,
  A bittern, and a jar.†

With these my appetite, when cloy'd,
  For fish she renders sharp;
And serves me up a lump, a pout,
  A gudgeon, and a carp.

Then the dessert with fruit abounds,
  All fitting well the season—
A medlar and an artichoke,
  A crab, and a small reason.

Now can a man have such a wife
  And not upon her dote,
Who every day provides him fare
  Which costs him not a groat?

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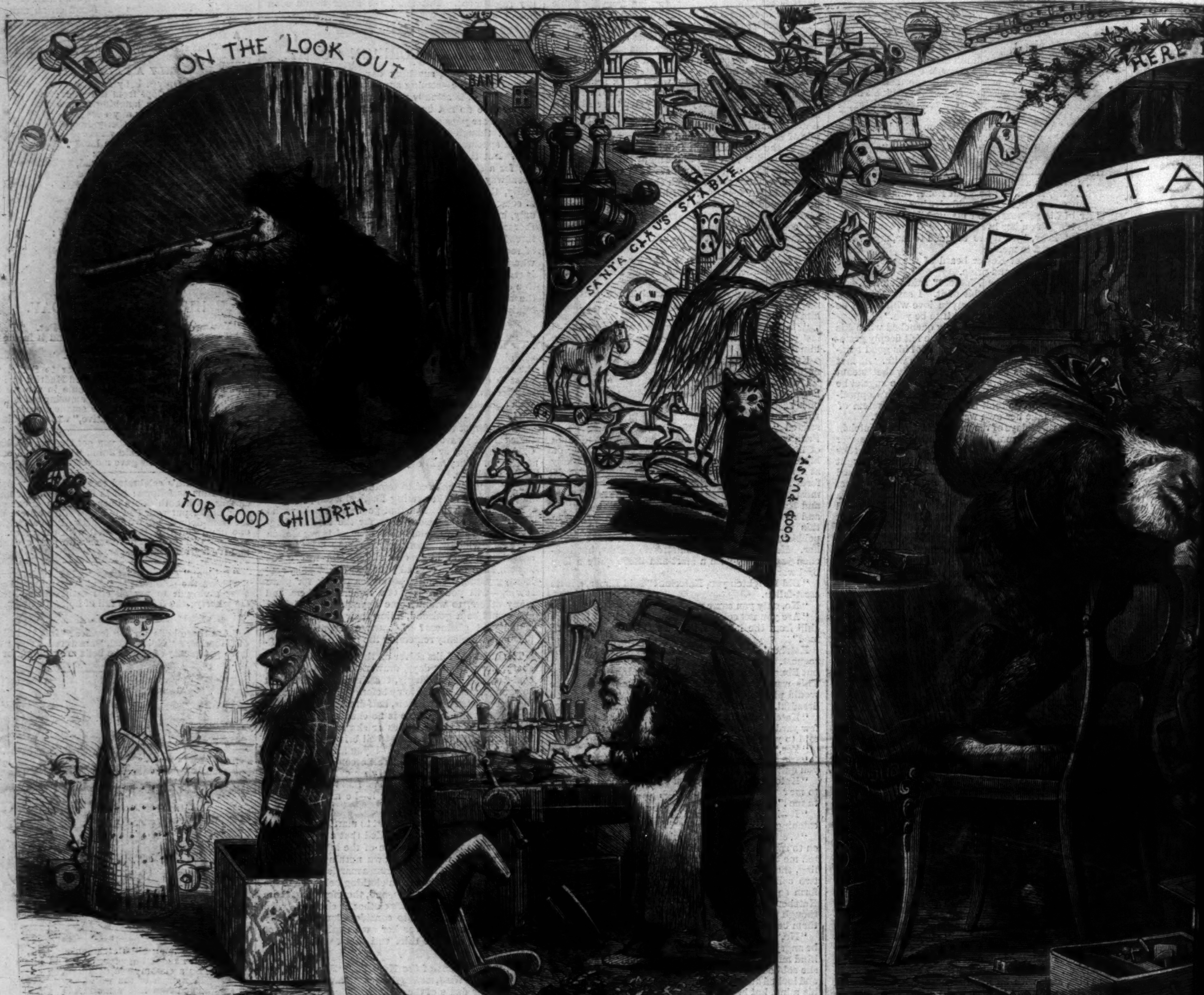
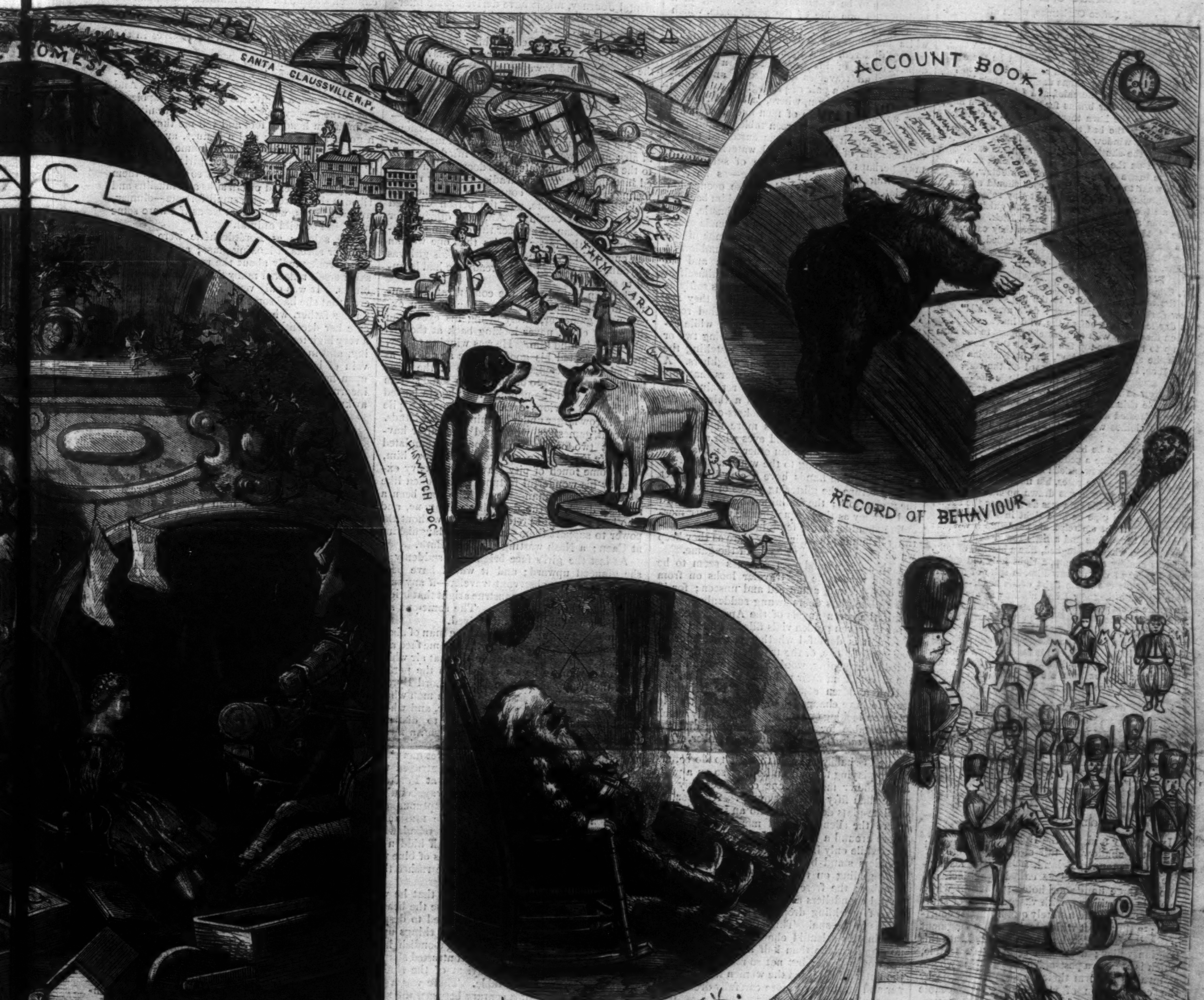
* Quail, for quarrel. See Johnson's Dictionary.
† Jar, an old word for quarrelling.


ON THE LOOK OUT
FOR GOOD CHILDREN
BANK
SANTA CLAUS STABLE
HERE
SANTA
GOOD PUSSY.
WORK-SHOP.
HIS
THE CHRISTMAS TREE.
DOLLIES' TEA PARTY.
DOLLIES' KITCHEN.


COMES!
SANTA-CLAUSSVILLE N.P.
FARM YARD.
HIS WATCH DOG.
ACLAUS
ACCOUNT BOOK,
RECORD OF BEHAVIOUR.
GOOD
BOY
HOLIDAY WEEK.
TOM THUMB
ROSE & THE RING
ORK'S
Th. Nast
WHICH DOLLY WILL YOU HAVE?
EVE.
DOLLIES' PARLOR.
MAKING DOLLIES' CLOTHES.

## A VISIT FROM SAINT NICHOLAS.

By CLEMENT C. MOORE.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And Mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap;
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny rein-deer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;
"Now, *Dasher!* now, *Dancer!* now, *Prancer!* and *Vixen!*
On, *Comet!* on, *Cupid!* on, *Donder* and *Blitzen!*
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky;
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof,
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof—
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"*Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!*"

## BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

### Book II.—The Two Macaires.

### CHAPTER I.*

A GOLDEN TEMPLE.

In the very midst of the Belgian iron country, under the shadow of tall sheltering ridges of pine-clad mountain-land, nestles the fashionable little watering-place called Forêtdechêne. Two or three handsome hotels; a bright white new pile of building, with vast windows of shining plate-glass, and a stately quadrangular court-yard; a tiny street which looks as if a fragment of English Brighton had been dropped into this Belgian valley; a stunted semi-classic temple, which is at once a post-office and a shrine whereat invalids perform their worship of Hygeia by the consumption of unspeakably disagreeable mineral-waters; a few tall, white villas scattered here and there upon the slopes of pine-clad hills; and a very uncomfortable railway-station —constitute the chief features of Forêtdechêne. But right and left of that little cluster of shops and hotels there stretch deep, sombre avenues of oak, that look like sheltered ways to Paradise—and the deep, deep blue of the August sky, and the pure breath of the warm, soft air, and the tender green of the young pine-woods that clothe the sandy hills, and the delicious tranquillity that pervades the sleepy little town and bathes the hot landscape in a languorous mist, are charms that render Forêtdechêne a pleasant oasis amidst the lurid woods and mountains of the iron country.

Only at stated intervals the quiet of this sleepy hollow is broken by the rolling of wheels, the jingling of bells, the cracking of whips, the ejaculations of drivers and supplications of touters: only when the railroad carries away departing visitors, or brings fresh ones, is there any thing like riot or confusion in the little town under the pine-clad hills—and even then the riot and confusion are of a very mild order, and create but a transient discord among the harmonies of nature.

And yet, despite the Arcadian tranquillity of the landscape, the drowsy quiet of the pine-groves, the deep and solemn shade of those dark avenues, where one might fondly hope to find some Druidess lingering beneath the shelter of the oaks, there is excitement of no common order to be found in the miniature watering-place of Forêtdechêne; and the reflective and observant traveler, on a modern sentimental journey, has only to enter the stately white building with the glittering plate-glass windows in order to behold the master-passions of the human breast unveiled for his pleasure and edification.

The ignorant traveler, impelled by curiosity, finds no bar to his entrance. The doors are as wide open as if the mansion were a hotel; and yet it is not a hotel, though a placard which he passes informs the traveler that he may have ices and *sorbets*, if he will; nor is the bright, fresh-looking building a theatre; for another placard informs the visitor that there are dramatic performances to be witnessed every evening in a building on one side of the quadrangle, which is a mere subsidiary attachment to the vast white mansion. The traveler, passing on his way unhindered, save by a man in livery, who deprives him of his cane, ascends a splendid staircase and traverses a handsome antechamber, from which a pair of plate-glass doors open into a spacious saloon, where, in the warm August sun-light, a circle of men and women are gathered round a great green table, gambling.

The ignorant traveler, unaccustomed to the amusements of a Continental watering-place, may perhaps feel a little sense of surprise—a something almost akin to shame—as he contemplates that silent crowd: whose occupation seems so much the more strange to him because of their silence. There is no lively bustle, none of that animation which generally attends every kind of amusement, none of the clamor of the betting-ring or the exchange. The gamblers at Forêtdechêne are terribly in earnest: and the ignorant visitor unconsciously adapts himself to the solemn hush of the place, and steps softly as he approaches the table round which they are clustered—as many sitting as can find room round the green-cloth-covered board; while behind the sitters there are people standing two or three rows deeps, the hindermost watching the table over the shoulders of their neighbors. A placard upon the wall informs visitors that only constant players are permitted to remain seated at that sacred table. Perhaps a third of the players and a third of the lookers-on are women. And if there are lips more tightly contracted than other lips, and eyes with a harder, greedier light in them than other eyes, those lips and those eyes belong to the women. The ungloved feminine hands have a claw-like aspect as they scrape the glittering pieces of silver over the green cloth; the feminine throats look weird and scraggy as they crane themselves over masculine shoulders; the feminine eyes have something demoniac in their steely glare as they keep watch upon the rapid progress of the game.

Half a dozen moderate fortunes seem to be lost and won while the traveler looks on from the back-ground, unnoticed and unseen; for if those plate-glass doors swung suddenly open to admit the seven angels of the Apocalypse, carrying the seven golden vials filled with the wrath of God, it is doubtful whether the splendor of their awful glory, or the trumpet-notes that heralded their coming, would have power to arouse the players from their profound abstraction.

Half a dozen comfortable little patrimonies seem to have changed hands while the traveler has been looking on; and yet he has only watched the table for about ten minutes; and this splendid *salon* is but an outer chamber, where one may stake [illegible] if one is shabby enough to wish to do so, and where playing for half an hour or so on a pleasant summer morning one could scarcely lose more than fifty or sixty pounds. Another pair of plate-glass doors open into an inner chamber where the silence is still more profound, and where around a larger table sit one row of players; while only here and there a little group of outsiders stand behind their chairs. There is more gilding on the walls and ceiling of this chamber; the frescoes are more delicate; the crystal chandeliers are adorned with richer clusters of sparkling drops that twinkle like diamonds in the sun. This is the temple of gold; and in this splendid chamber one may hazard no smaller stake than half a napoleon. There are women here; but not so many women as in the outer saloon; and the women here are younger and prettier and more carefully dressed than those who stake only silver.

The prettiest and the youngest woman in this golden chamber on one particular August afternoon, nine years after the death of Tom Halliday, was a girl who stood behind the chair of a military-looking Englishman, an old man whose handsome face was a little disfigured by those traces which late hours and dissipated habits are supposed to leave behind them.

The girl held a card in one hand and a pin in the other, and was occupied in some mysterious process, by which she kept note of the Englishman's play. She was very young, with a delicate face, in whose softer lines there was a refined likeness to the features of the man whose play she watched. But while his eyes were hard and cold and gray, hers were of that dense black in which there seems such an unfathomable and mysterious depth. As she was the handsomest, so she was also the worst-dressed woman in the room. Her flimsy silk mantle had faded from black to rusty brown; the straw-hat which shaded her face was sunburnt; the ribbons had lost their brightness; but there was an air of attempted fashion in the puffings and trimmings of her alpaca skirt; and there was evidence of a struggle with poverty in the tight-fitting lavender gloves, whose streaky lines bore witness to the imperfection of the cleaner's art. Elegant Parisians and the select of Brussels glanced at the military Englishman and his handsome daughter with some slight touch of supercilious surprise—one has no right to find shabbily-dressed young women in the golden temple—and it is scarcely necessary to state that it was from her own countrywomen the young person in alpaca received the most chilling glances. But those Parthian arrows shot from feminine eyes had little power to wound their object just now. The girl looked up from her perforated card very seldom; and when she raised her eyes, it was always to look in one direction—toward the great glass-doors opening from the outer saloon. Loungers came and went; the doors swung open and closed again as noiselessly as it is possible for well-regulated doors to open and shut; footsteps sounded on the polished floors; and sometimes, when the young person in alpaca lifted her eyes, a passing shadow of disappointment darkened her face. A modern Lawrence Sterne, on a new Sentimental Journey, might have derived some interest from the study of the girl's countenance; but the reflective and observant traveler is not to be encountered very often in this age of excursionists; and Maria and her goat may roam the highways and byways for a long time before she will find any dreamy loiterer with a mind attuned to sympathy.

The shabby-dressed girl was looking for some one. She watched her father's play carefully—she marked her card with unfailing precision; but she performed these duties with a mechanical air; and it was only when she lifted her eyes to the great shining plate-glass doors which opened into this dangerous Paradise that any ray of feeling animated her countenance. She was looking for some one, and the person watched for was so long coming. Ah, how difficult for the arithmetician to number the crushing disappointments, the bitter agonies that one woman can endure in a single half hour! This girl was so young—so young; and already she had learned to suffer.

The man played with the concentrated attention and the impassible countenance of an experienced gamester, rarely lifting his eyes from the green cloth, never looking back at the girl who stood behind him. He was winning to-day, and he accepted his good fortune as quietly as he had often accepted evil fortune at the same table. He seemed to be playing on some system of his own; and the neighboring players looked at him with envious eyes, as they saw the pile of gold grow larger under his thin, nervous hands. Ignorant gamesters, who stood aloof after having lost two or three napoleons, contemplated the lucky Englishman and wondered about him, while some touch of pity leavened the envy excited by his wonderful fortune. He looked like a decayed gentleman—a man who had been a military dandy in the days that were gone, and who had all the old pretensions still, without the power to support them—a Brummel languishing at Caen; a Nash wasting slowly at Bath.

At last the girl's face brightened suddenly as she glanced upward; and it would have been very easy for the observant traveler—if any such person had existed—to construe aright that bright change in her countenance. The some-one she had been watching for had arrived.

The doors swung open to admit a man of about five-and-twenty, whose darkly-handsome face and careless costume had something of that air which was once wont to be associated with the person and the poetry of George Gordon Lord Byron. The new-comer was just one of those men whom very young women are apt to admire, and whom worldly-minded people are prone to distrust. There was a perfume of Bohemianism, a flavor of the Quartier Latin, about the loosely-tied cravat, the wide trowsers, and black-velvet morning-coat, with which the young man outraged the opinions of the respectable visitors at Forêtdechêne. There was a semi-poetic vagabondism in the half-indifferent, half-contemptuous expression of his face, with its fierce mustache, and strongly-marked eyebrows overshadowing sleepy gray eyes—eyes that were half hidden by their long, dark lashes; as still pools of blue water lie sometimes hidden among the rushes that flourish round them.

He was handsome, and he knew that he was handsome; but he affected to despise the beauty of his proud dark face, as he affected to despise all the brightest and most beautiful things upon earth; and yet there was a vagabondish kind of foppery in his costume that contrasted sharply with the gentlemanly dandyism of the shabby gamester sitting at the table. There was a distance of nearly half a century between the style of the Regency dandy and the Quartier Latin lion.

The girl watched the new-comer with sad, earnest eyes as he walked slowly toward the table, and a faint blush kindled in her cheeks as he came nearer to the spot where she stood. He went by her presently, carrying an atmosphere of stale tobacco with him as he went; and he gave her a friendly nod as he passed, and a "Good-morning, Diana!" but that was all. The faint blush faded and left her very pale: but she resumed her weary task with the card and the pin; and if she had endured any disappointment within those few moments, it seemed to be a kind of disappointment that she was accustomed to suffer.

The young man walked round the table till he came to the only vacant chair, in which he seated himself, and after watching the game for a few minutes began to play. From the moment in which he dropped into that vacant seat to the moment in which he rose to leave the table, three hours afterward, he never lifted his eyes from the green cloth, or seemed to be conscious of any thing that was going on around or about him. The girl watched him furtively for some little time after he had taken his place at the table; but the stony mask of the professed gambler is a profitless object for a woman's earnest scrutiny.

She sighed presently and laid her hand heavily on the chair behind which she was standing. The action aroused the man who sat in it, and he turned and looked at her for the first time.

"You are tired, Diana?"

"Yes, papa, I am very tired."

"Give me your card, then, and go away," the gamester answered, peevishly; "girls are always tired."

She gave him the mysteriously-perforated card and left her post behind his chair; and then, after roaming about the great saloon with a weary, listless air, and wandering from one open window to another to look into the sunny quadrangle, where well-dressed people were sitting at little tables eating ices or drinking lemonade, she went away altogether, and roamed into another chamber where some children were dancing to the sound of a feeble violin. She sat upon a velvet-covered bench and watched the children's lesson for some minutes, and then rose and wandered to another open window that overlooked the same quadrangle, where the well-dressed people were enjoying themselves in the hot August sunshine.

"How extravagantly every body dresses!" she thought, "and what a shabby, poverty-stricken creature one feels among them! And yet if I ask papa to give me a couple of napoleons out of the money he won to-day he will only look at me from head to foot and tell me that I have a gown and a cloak and a bonnet, and ask me what more I can want, in the name of all that is unreasonable? And I see girls here whose fathers are so fond of them and so proud of them —ugly girls, decked out in silks and muslins and ribbons that have cost a small fortune—clumsy, awkward girls, who look at *me* as if I were some new kind of wild animal."

The saloons at Forêtdechêne were rich in monster sheets of looking-glass; and in wandering discontentedly about the room Diana Paget saw herself reflected many times in all her shabbiness. It was only very lately she had discovered that she had some pretension to good looks; for her father, who could not or would not educate her decently or clothe her creditably, took a very high tone of morality in his paternal teaching, and in the fear that she might one day grow vain of her beauty, had taken care to impress upon her at an early age that she was the very incarnation of all that is lean and sallow and awkward.

### CHAPTER II.

THE EASY DESCENT.

Among the many imprudences of which Horatio Paget—once a captain in a crack cavalry regiment, always a captain in his intercourse with the world—had been guilty during the course of a long career, there was none for which he so bitterly reproached himself as for a certain foolish marriage which he had made late in life. It was when he had thrown away the last chance that an indulgent destiny had given him, that the ruined fop of the Regency, the sometime member of the Beef-steak Club, the man who in his earliest youth had worn a silver gridiron at his button-hole, and played piquet in the gilded saloons of Georgina of Devonshire, found himself laid on a bed of sickness in dingy London lodgings, and nearer death than he had ever been in the course of his brief military career; so nearly gliding from life's swift-flowing river into eternity's trackless ocean, that the warmest thrill of gratitude which ever stirred the slow pulses of his cold heart quickened its beating as he clasped the hand that had held him back from the unknown region whose icy breath had chilled him with an awful fear. Such men as Horatio Paget are apt to feel a strange terror when the black night drops suddenly down upon them, and the "Gray Boatman's" voice sounds hollow and mysterious in the darkness, announcing that the ocean is near. The hand that held the ruined spendthrift back when the current swept so swiftly oceanward was a woman's tender hand; and Heaven only knows what patient watchfulness, what careful administration of medicines and unwearying preparation of broths and jellies and sagos and gruels, what untiring and devoted slavery, had been necessary to save the faded rake; who looked out upon the world once more, a ghastly shadow of his former self, a penniless, helpless burden for any one who might choose to support him.

"Don't thank *me*," said the doctor, when his feeble patient whimpered flourishing protestations of his gratitude, unabashed by the consciousness that such grateful protestations were the sole coin with which the medical man would be paid for his services; "thank that young woman, if you want to thank any body; for if it had not been for her you wouldn't be here to talk about gratitude. And if ever you get such another attack of inflammation on the lungs, you had better pray for such another nurse, though I don't think you're likely to find one."

And with this exordium, the rough-and-ready surgeon took his departure, leaving Horatio Paget alone with the woman who had saved his life.

She was only his landlady's daughter; and his landlady was no prosperous householder in May-fair, thriving on the extravagance of wealthy bachelors, but an honest widow, living in an obscure little street leading out of the Old Kent Road, and letting a meagrely-furnished little parlor and a still more meagrely-furnished little bedroom to any single gentleman whom reverse of fortune might lead into such a locality. Captain Paget had sunk very low in the world when he took possession of that wretched parlor and laid himself down to rest on the widow's flock-bed.

There is apt to be a dreary interval in the life of such a man—a blank, dismal interregnum, which divides the day in which he spends his last shilling, from the hour in which he begins to prey deliberately upon the purses of other people. It was in that hopeless interval that Horatio Paget established himself in the widow's parlor. But though he slept in the Old Kent Road, he had not yet brought himself to endure existence on the Surrey side of the water. He emerged from his lodging every morning to hasten westward, resplendent in clean linen and exquisitely-fitting gloves, an unquestionable over-coat, and varnished boots.

The wardrobe has its Indian summer; and the glory of a first-rate tailor's coat is like the splendor of a tropical sun—it is glorious to the last, and sinks in a moment. Captain Paget's wardrobe was in its Indian summer in these days; and when he felt how fatally near the Bond Street pavement was to the soles of his feet, he could not refrain from a fond admiration of the boots that were so beautiful in decay.

He walked the West End for many weary hours every day during this period of his decadence. He tried to live in an honest, gentlemanly way, by borrowing money of his friends, or discounting an accommodation-bill obtained from some innocent acquaintance who was deluded by his brilliant appearance and specious tongue, into a belief in the transient nature of his difficulties. He spent his days in hanging about the halls and waiting-rooms of clubs—of some of which he had once been a member; he walked weary miles between St. James's and Mayfair, Kensington Gore and Notting Hill, leaving little notes for men who were not at home, or writing a little note in one room while the man to whom he was writing hushed his breath in an adjoining chamber. People who had once been Captain Paget's fast friends seemed to have simultaneously decided upon spending their existence out of doors, as it appeared to the impecunious Captain. The servants of his friends were afflicted with a strange uncertainty as to their masters' movements. At whatever hall door Horatio Paget presented himself, it seemed equally doubtful whether the proprietor of the mansion would be home to dinner that day, or whether he would be at home any time next day, or the day after that, or at the end of the week, or indeed whether he would ever come home again. Sometimes the Captain, calling in the evening dusk, in the faint hope of gaining admittance to some friendly dwelling, saw the glimmer of light under a dining-room door, and heard the clooping of corks and the pleasant jingling of glass and silver in the innermost recesses of a butler's pantry; but still the answer was—not at home, and not likely to be at home. All the respectable world was to be out henceforth for Horatio Paget. But now and then at the clubs he met some young man, who had no wife at home to keep watch upon his purse and to wail piteously over a five-pound note ill bestowed, and who took compassion on the fallen spendthrift, and believed, or pretended to believe, his story of temporary embarrassment; and then the Captain dined sumptuously at a little French restaurant in Castle Street, Leicester Square, and took a half bottle of chablis with his oysters, and warmed himself with chambertin that was brought to him in a dusty cobweb-shrouded bottle reposing in a wicker-basket.

But in these latter days such glimpses of sunshine very rarely illumined the dull stream of the Captain's life. Failure and disappointment had become the rule of his existence—success the rare exception. Crossing the river now on his way westward, he was wont to loiter a little on Waterloo Bridge, and to look dreamily down at the water, wondering whether the time was near at hand when, under cover of the evening dusk, he would pay his last half-penny to the toll-keeper, and never again know the need of any earthly coin.

"I saw a poor fellow in the Morgue one day—a poor wretch who had drowned himself a week or two before. Great God, how horrible he looked! If there was any certainty they would find one immediately, and bury one decently, there'd be no particular horror in that kind of death. But to be found *like that*, and to lie in some river-side dead-house down by Wapping, with a ghastly placard rotting on the rotting door, and nothing but ooze and slime and rottenness round about one—waiting to be identified! And who knows, after all, whether a dead man doesn't *feel* that sort of thing?"

It was after such musings as these had begun to be very common with Horatio Paget that he caught the chill which resulted in a very dangerous illness of many weeks. The late autumn was wet and cold and dreary; but Captain Paget, although remarkably clever after a certain fashion, had never been a lover of intellectual pursuits, and imprisonment in Mrs. Kepp's shabby parlor was odious to him. When he had read every page of the borrowed newspaper, and pished and pshawed over the leaders, and groaned aloud at the announcement of some wealthy marriage made by one of his quondam friends, or chuckled at the record of another quondam friend's insolvency—when he had poked the fire savagely half a dozen times in an hour, cursing the pinched grate and the bad coals during every repetition of the operation—when he had smoked his last cigar, and varnished his favorite boots, and looked out of the window, and contemplated himself gloomily in the wretched little glass over the narrow chimney-piece—Captain Paget's intellectual resources were exhausted, and an angry impatience took possession of him. Then, in defiance of the pelting rain or the lowering sky, he flung his slippers into the furthest corner—and the furthest corner of Mrs. Kepp's parlor was not very remote from the Captain's arm-chair—he drew on the stoutest of his varnished boots—and there were none of them very stout now—buttoned his perfect over-coat, adjusted his hat before the looking-glass, and sallied forth, umbrella in hand, to make his way westward. Westward always, through storm and shower, back to the haunts of his youth, went the wanderer and outcast, to see the red glow of cheery fires reflected on the plate-glass windows of his favorite clubs; to see the lamps in spacious reading-rooms lit early in the autumn dusk, and to watch the soft light glimmering on the rich bindings of the books, and losing itself in the sombre depths of crimson draperies. To this poor worldly creature the agony of banishment from those palaces of Pall Mall or St. James's Street was as bitter as the pain of a fallen angel. It was the dullest, deadest time of the year, and there were not many loungers in those sumptuous reading-rooms, where the shaded lamps shed their subdued light on the chaste splendor of the sanctuary; so Captain Paget could haunt the scene of his departed youth without much fear of recognition: but his wanderings in the West grew more hopeless and purposeless every day. He began to understand how it was that people were never at home when he assailed their doors with his fashionable knock. He could no longer endure the humiliation of such repulses, for he began to understand that the servants knew his errand as well as their masters, and had their answers ready, let him present himself before them when he would: so he besieged the doors of St. James's and Mayfair, Kensington Gore and Notting Hill no longer. He knew that the bubble of his poor foolish life had burst, and that there was nothing left for him but to die.

It seemed about this time as if the end of all was very near. Captain Paget caught a chill one miserable evening on which he returned to his lodging with his garments dripping, and his beautiful varnished boots reduced to a kind of pulp; and the chill resulted in a violent inflammation of the lungs. Then it was that a woman's hand was held out to save him, and a woman's divine tenderness cared for him in his dire extremity.

The ministering angel who comforted this helpless and broken-down wayfarer was only a low-born, ignorant girl called Mary Anne Kepp—a girl who had waited upon the Captain during his residence in her mother's house, but of whom he had taken about as much notice as he had been wont to take of the colored servants who tended him when he was with his regiment in India. Horatio Paget had been a night-brawler and a gamester, a duelist and a reprobate, in the glorious days that were gone; but he had never been a profligate: and he did not know that the girl who brought him his breakfast and staggered under the weight of his coal-scuttle was one of the most beautiful women he had ever looked upon.

## THE MAGIC CHRISTMAS-TREE.

"THE Saint of Christmas leaves his charmed treasures
Only in homes where there is gold to buy.
What though small voices ask for childish pleasures,
Among the poor—he makes them no reply.

"Ah well, his great close furs shut out their crying;
He can not drive in narrow streets, we know,
Or find his way to hearths in darkness lying"—
A woman thought, and looked into the snow.

When, greener than all Springs can make their greenness,
A giant Tree grew in the freezing air,
And from the far sky's beautiful sereneness
Strange shapes of wondrous calmness gather'd there.

Some, through their Peace, show'd dimly the scarr'd faces
That fell, in mouldering battle-pits, away:
These brought fair fruits from ever-shining places,
That children of dead soldiers might be gay.

Next, shadows of worn living mothers slowly—
From the thick night below—came, sad to see,
And, with a tenderness most sweet and holy,
Hung pretty toys on the enchanted Tree.

Then, as a dove, a radiance descended,
And show'd these children of the poor, the dead,
Kneeling beneath two bleeding Hands extended
With Christ's dear blessing for each little head.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

## THE FIELD-DAY.

By GEORGE WARD NICHOLS.

SHERMAN'S army rarely ever halted long enough in one place to permit of those splendid reviews which are so thrilling to the beholder, and which, at the same time, is of more importance—stimulates the *esprit du corps* of the troops. Neither did the officers or men have leisure to indulge in those sports which are a feature of armies doomed to long sieges or permanent stations.

While, near the close of the war, negotiations were pending between Sherman and Johnston, our army was exercised in drilling and reviewing, while sports and fun of one kind or another filled up the hours.

It was in every sense a "field-day" in Raleigh. In every "sense," for Nature was in full accord with the hopes and wishes of the triumphant Union army, and she put on her brightest robe to assist in the celebration of the day. Here and there the sky was flecked with fugitive white drifts floating in the else "unclouded blue." The beautiful blue was all the more intense by contrast with the exquisite, tender green of spring that decked the trees which overarched the gardens and the streets. Roses were every where: the gardens were filled with them; the walks, the borders of beds of pinks and tiger-lilies, the hedges, the houses, the very roads were redolent with roses. On every side, turn which way they would, the delighted eyes were met by countless roses of every variety and hue—red, white, yellow, damask, crimson; and their fragrance filled the air, greeting the early morning with their dewy freshness, and lulling the senses with their sweets at noonday.

It would have been, indeed, the very "Valley of Roses," only Raleigh is situated on a hill. So profuse were the roses that thousands of lovers might have reposed on rose-leaved couches; but on that bright day the roses blushed and bloomed with nobler purpose, bowing their beautiful heads in honor and welcome to the brave soldiers of the Twentieth Army Corps.

And what a grand sight it was, as our brave boys filled the broad avenue leading to the Capitol, marching in full company front, the generals with their staffs all finely mounted, the triangular red, white, and blue brigade banners, the more honorable regimental flags, begrimed with battle-smoke, rent and torn with shot and shell! What pictures of dauntless deeds and bravery such "colors" paint! And how the heart beats as, passing the reviewing general and the group of officers around him, they bend gracefully in honor, while the bands of music roll out the thrilling salute. As the head of each division approaches its commander leaves the column, taking his stand at the left of the reviewing officer. And then, last and grandest of all, out from a cloud of golden dust the artillery rumbles, massed in full battery, four and six pieces in perfect alignment. How the ground trembles beneath that tread and roll! What an overwhelming idea of strength, of terrible death-dealing power, there is in that mass of men and metal!

At last they have all passed by, and in perfect order. By one and another road they are marching to their camping-ground. Let us now follow the reviewing officers, and for a while share the hospitalities of one of the most popular generals in the army.

The tents of the general and his staff are pitched in the garden of a house of some (Southern) pretensions to elegance and good taste. Whether the architecture or material of the mansion—which is owned by a rebel general officer, would come up to the Northern standard of utility or beauty is questionable. The garden, however, is unqualifiedly lovely, and the lawn answers very well for a passable parade-ground.

Here groups of officers meet in kindly interview. You greet, perhaps, a brother soldier who is seen here for the first time in many weeks, although both were marching in the same grand army, yet the direction of the columns was widely apart. A large portion of the company surrounds the commanding general, who, in an easy, conversational tone, is discussing the campaign just ended, or hints at schemes for future movements. The superior officers now and then offer suggestions, or some one tells a story for the enjoyment of the company. Then, perhaps, there is a general discussion—not a warm one, though all are smoking—and presently they all discuss something else—some simple beverage like commissary whisky, or North Carolina apple-jack, with more cigars. Meanwhile the musically inclined—a few of them—enter the house, where there is a piano. They join in chorus, earnestly, if not artistically, Hailing Columbia, duly glorifying the Star-spangled Banner, or pathetically imploring the soul of Brown the elder to continue his advance movement till he brings up somewhere, or, at least, until "this cruel war is over." The music, which, by-the-by, is always immensely satisfactory to the officers immediately engaged therein, and measurably so to those who are not on duty (that duty, at all events, out of doors), but who occasionally and spontaneously join in a patriotic chorus, is sometimes found to be extremely disturbing to the too-sensitive ears of the rebel ladies who, perchance, may occupy the upper part of the house. Likely as not a message may be borne by a respectful servant that there is illness in the house. Some young lady, generally a picture of health, has fainted at the thought of the superior charms of her sister Columbia; or some old lady, strong in secession and strong in stomach, who has lived for three years past on mouldy corn-bread and musty bacon, has suddenly sickened to hear that a relative of hers at Richmond is likely to be "hung on a sour apple tree," instead of a sweet apple tree, as her more delicate taste would dictate. But the music in the army—and there was always enough of it—was *for* the army, and the same grand airs, piano-played or sung, that disgusted rebel ladies in their chambers, are the same airs which led our brave boys on, and so disquieted the rebel sons and brothers in the field.

But while the officers who deal in the "concourse of sweet sounds" within are putting out airs, those who believe in the concourse of sweet sugar and sour apple-jack are putting on airs without—that is, they are glowingly describing or discussing the superior merits of the piece of horse-flesh owned by each. But of this anon.

The whole scene, within and without, illustrates a peculiar phase of the soldier's life. To a civilian it is singular to see how quickly the soldier throws off the care, the anxiety, even the excitement of a skirmish or a battle. He may have just seen a brother officer under a surgeon's knife, or have just returned from paying the last honors to a dear friend whose body was laid under the tall pines—one who was slain by his side that day in battle—yet he enters fully into the hilarity of the merry meeting, and with no disrespect to the memory of his fallen friend and comrade. Oh no! as long as he lives that he will preserve and cherish.

No. But the scene is past. They throw off and throw down their anxieties and agonies with their accoutrements and arms. They would never be soldiers if they did not.

And then there is always the next day, perhaps the next hour. The soldier knows that at any moment he may be killed or wounded; that his chances of escape are no better than his comrade's; he comprehends that it is his *métier* to kill or to take the chances of losing his own life; and so he philosophically accepts the risks of war—and he is a most unhappy and utterly untrustworthy soldier if he does not.

But this is quite "a-field;" so back to our own happy Field-day—a day not likely to be forgotten by any who assisted on that occasion. We left a jovial group of officers on the lawn discussing apple-jack and horses, subjects dear to the soldier's soul!

It is one of the peculiar and mild phases of a certain sort of insanity in any officer who owns a horse to think his horse the most valuable horse in existence. Richard, away from his throne and in the army, would have given his kingdom for a horse, and, no doubt, at the particular moment when he made the offer, would have considered it a very good bargain. But an army officer, especially a young army officer, believes, or professes to believe, that his particular "Lexington," "Alice," "Betty," or whatever may be the name of the animal, is the finest and especially the fastest horse in the army.

All of them are blooded stock, out of this or that famous mare, sired here and foaled there—with a pedigree that would put to the blush the noblest Petrolian of them all!

There are good horses in the army, fast horses, very fast—but my horse! "There's no use o' talking," as people always say when there has been a great deal too much talking, and threatens to be a great deal more; but thus each young officer tries to think of his own horse, and having brought himself to that belief, he loses no leisure occasion to endeavor to impress his belief upon others.

And was it not a Field-day—field for officers and soldiers in the morning, and field for frolic, fun, and horses in the afternoon? Thus it was that the not unusual horse discussion came up in that merry group that merry day. For several minutes there had been the old dispute between two aids-de-camp as to the relative speed of their two horses. Let us call the aids Brown and Smith; the steeds brown and bay. It is to be feared—though no one feared it then—that Brown, not to say Smith, and, in truth, the whole company, had indulged too freely in the simple beverages of the season and locality; for after the usual amount of preliminary parleying Brown makes a direct assault upon Smith, in the following manner:

"I say, Major, you've been talking about that superior mare of yours for a long time. Now let's have that race, and settle the matter."

"But, Brown, my dear fellow, don't you see that the mare is weak? She has not yet recovered from that run the rebels gave me. Why, I haven't had a saddle on her twice, before to-day, since we left Savannah."

"Well, when will you run her?" asks Brown, with some impatience.

Smith, not a little nettled at the insinuation evident enough in Brown's language and manner, promptly replies:

"Oh, whenever you please!"

"Very well. Your horse is on the ground, and so is mine. We will ride them ourselves now, and in the wide road which passes the house."

"All right! I accept the proposition."

The by-standers, who have been listening to this excited and exciting colloquy, at once entered into the spirit of the fun with the most jubilant demonstrations. An adjournment was at once made to the front of the house; the horses were brought around, examined, and criticised; umpires were chosen, starters designated, and bets were made. In five short minutes all the material, preparations, and accessories of a Derby Day, on a very small scale, had been made and were present.

General S—— offered to wager a one-hundred-dollar rebel shin-plaster, new issue, against a three-cent postage-stamp on the mare. General B——, with great alacrity, accepted the wager, and the funds were placed in the hands of a third party. Other bets of equal value were also made, including all sorts of things, from a brevet to a boot-jack. The distance marked out for the race was about three hundred yards in one of the main streets of Raleigh. It passed by the head-quarters of several general officers. On one side of the track was an Orphan Asylum, and on the other a Seminary for Young Ladies, some two hundred of whom were disinterested, if not amused, spectators of the scene. The street, now the track, was very good for Raleigh—a compound of hard clay, with here and there a few stones, but with an unreasonable, if not unlimited, number of rut holes and mud puddles. The winning-post was a wide ditch forming a part of a line of fortifications built for the defense of the city in the earlier part of the war.

Such was the track. The gentlemen jocks were placed in position, the words were given—one, two, three!—and away they went. The excitement was intense! For some reason that to this day Smith does not understand, Brown's horse had the advantage of two lengths at the start, which Smith's mare partially overcame in the first fifty yards. At this point there was a slight turn in the road and in affairs, for here Brown's horse crossed the pathway of Smith's mare, so that her fore-feet came in contact with his hind-legs; he sped away uninjured; she came down on her knees and nigh shoulder, and so great was the force of the fall that she rolled over end for end. It requires some lines—lines that have not fallen in pleasant places—to describe all this, which took place in the twinkling of an eye. The mare was down and done for.

But Smith? It requires no great effort to imagine what became of Smith. For full five minutes following the descent of his good steed his own memory was somewhat indistinct, and his perceptions dimmed. But disinterested spectators aver that he went through the air with a speed that was impossible to his mare, or to any other man's. At one moment his soldier-like head was dimly seen—then his military boots. Head, legs, and arms in rapid, rotatory motion, marvelously resembled the hub and spokes of a swift-turning cart-wheel. He described circles as he had never described the virtues of the wonderful mare. The more military avowed that he made a swift, shell-like, parabolic, diabolic course through the air, threatening instant and disastrous explosion, then struck, ricochetted a little, and finally lay in a confused and trembling heap several yards in advance of the mare.

The mare, to her credit be it said, gained her feet first and unassisted; and poor Smith was picked up by his frightened friends, while an excited crowd of captains, majors, colonels, and generals gathered around.

His race was run—that race. All who participated in the race had lost something—then or at some other time. The generals had lost their hair, and were bald-headed; Brown lost a glorious opportunity; the crowd who bet upon the mare lost their patience and their staked postal-currency; Smith lost the race, some blood, and more credit. The mare was examined, and was found to be badly cut where her hind-feet had come in contact with the inside of both fore-shoulders, but she was otherwise unhurt.

Smith states that he is fully satisfied that Raleigh roads are somewhat harder than his head. His face, which was shockingly bruised, was bleeding; and, altogether, Smith was in a pitiable plight.

Meanwhile what became of Brown the victorious? Not seeing the mishap of his antagonist, not yet hearing the sound of fast-following hoofs, he turned in his saddle. That moment—one partly of inquiry, chiefly of triumph, for he was wildly waving his hat the while—cost him his own seat and the seat of his white corduroys. For at that instant the horse shied at the waving hat, and, with no given words of one, two, three, away went Brown—he one way, the startled steed the other—and Brown rose from the ground with a frightful rent or cut across that portion of his pantaloons delicately called by Irving, in his description of the Great Unknown, "the broadest part."

Then there was another yell—not from Brown, but from the assembled crowd. The wounded were brought in; plasters were applied in both cases; the usual stimulants were exhibited; neither Smith nor Brown sustained any serious injury, and from their Raleigh ride they both soon rallied.

But that night there was not a private soldier in all that great army who did not know that two staff-officers, Major This and Major That, of General So-and-so's head-quarters, had been unhorsed that morning; and of all the merry men who laughed at their expense, none enjoyed the Field-day race and its disasters more heartily than did the principal participants therein.

Poor Smith kept his room for a day or two, with a plastered yet placid countenance, the centre of a characteristic crowd of brother-officers who came from far and near in camp to pay their visits of condolence.

Such sympathy! No photographer would believe that men could pull their faces to such lengths; no undertaker would believe that heavy-booted military men could come into a darkened room so silently, so solemnly. They stood in groups, and whisperingly asked if "Poor Smith was likely to live out the night?" and then these sympathetic men broke out into one irresistible, uncontrollable yell of laughter. It was too much—worse than the rise and fall of the Raleigh race—and, in self-defense, Smith speedily resumed his daily outdoor duties.

"But," says the good old Deacon, whose neighbor's nephew and whose brother's son went to the front, went through the Wilderness, "there's nothing dignified or soldier-like in scenes like this!"—Your pardon! It may not be dignified, but it is "soldier-like" exceedingly; the light to the shade; the frolic to the fight; the Field-day after a night of battle. Those who run these races—men and horses—are those who flew but yesterday, and may to-morrow, across the field, midst splinters, shot, and shell, and carried messages to bring up new masses of men to fill the ranks of falling, flying, struggling fighters for the flag, and who— But when they "next go forth to ride," whether on field or fighting-day, may the good Deacon, or his substitute, "be there to see."

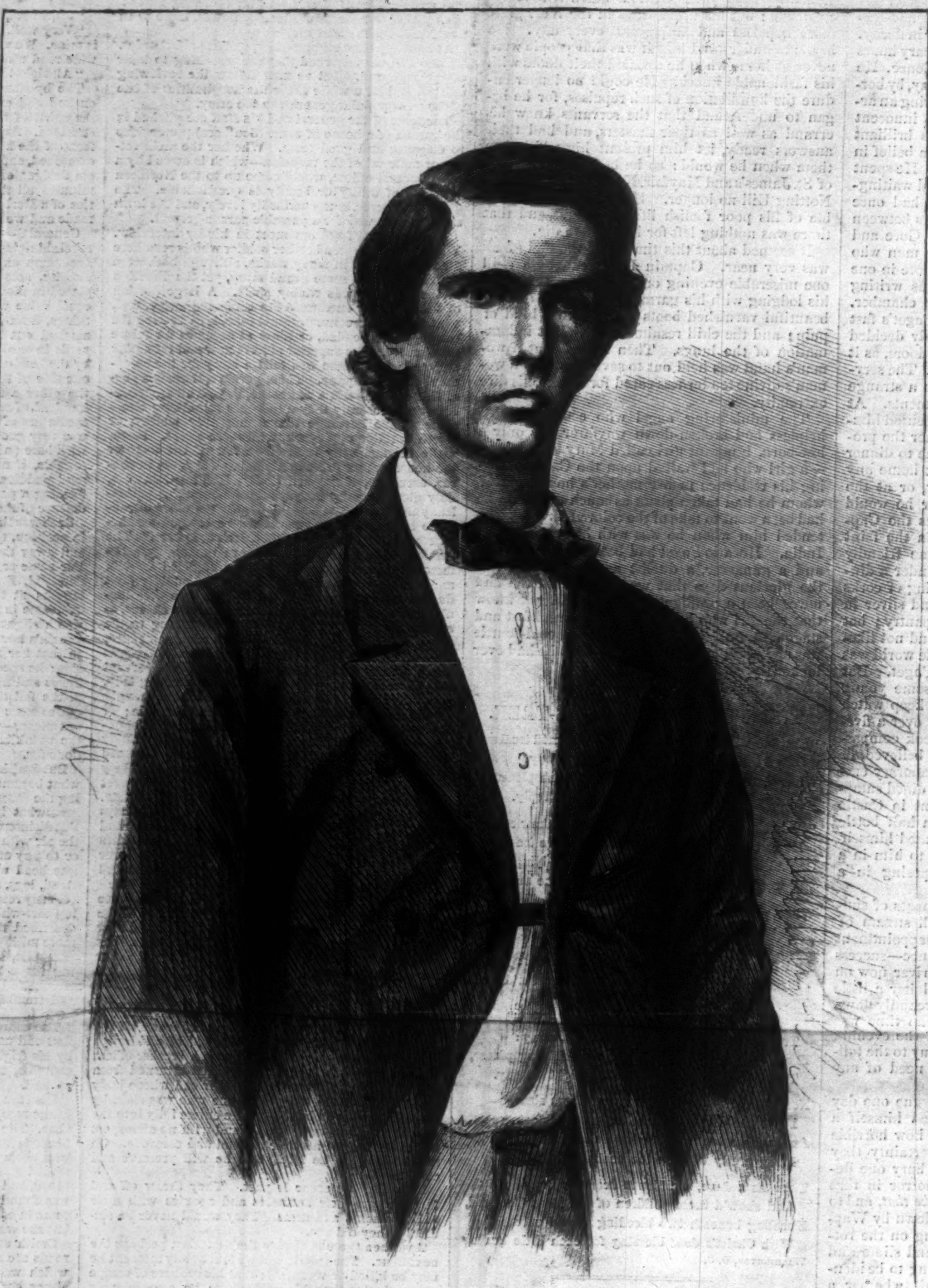
## JOHN H. SURRATT.

AFTER twenty months of successful evasion, JOHN H. SURRATT, the chief accomplice of BOOTH in the assassination of President LINCOLN, has been captured. The history of his movements since his escape to Canada, and also of his capture, were given in our last Number.

SURRATT is a man chiefly noticeable for his criminality. So obscure as to easily hide himself, by the aid of a few friends, from the eyes of the world; so ignorant that we almost wonder at the shrewdness of some of his devices, it is his capture alone, and the means thus furnished of reaching the secret history of LINCOLN'S murder, that make him once more a prominent object of interest.

SURRATT, though so great a coward that he deserted his mother in the hour of her most pressing need, yet showed himself capable of the most desperate actions when these were necessary to his own safety. He had boasted frequently of his crime, and appeared to think that the world not only forgave, but admired his atrocity. He was therefore greatly surprised when he was arrested at Feroli, in Italy. He was cast into prison, from which he managed to effect his escape by plunging down a ravine, making a leap of 23 feet. Had he leaped a little further he would have fallen into an abyss, and by a sudden death have escaped a more ignominious fate. Wounded by his fall, he succeeded in reaching a hospital, where he lay for a few days; but again took up his flight and sailed for Egypt, where he was again captured by Mr. HALE.

Probably the trial of SURRATT will go far toward revealing the whole secret of the conspiracy in which he was so prominent. In his conversations he has hinted at the connection of JEFF DAVIS with the assassination, and of other persons in New York and London who gave him pecuniary assistance. Our portrait, we believe, is from the photograph which was used by the Government in identifying SURRATT.



JOHN H. SURRATT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D.C.]

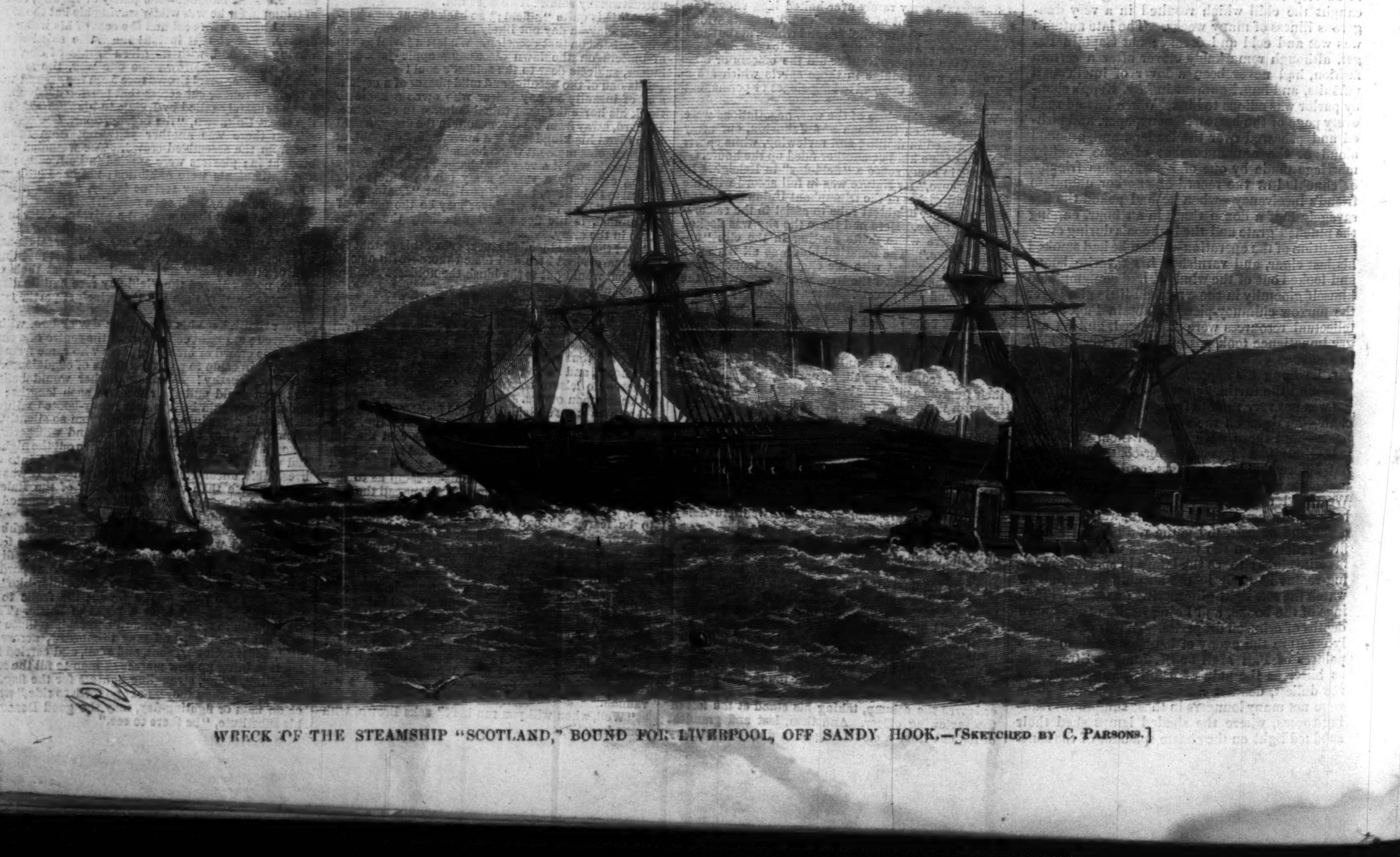
## WRECK OF THE "SCOTLAND."

THE wreck of the *Scotland* lies on the middle bar, about a mile distant from Sandy Hook. She was a splendid ship of 3700 tons register, and belonged to the National Steamship Company of Liverpool. On the evening of December 1 she ran into the steamer *Kate Dyer*, about ten miles from Fire Island. The *Dyer*, instead of porting her helm, as she should have done, and as the pilot of the *Scotland* did, attempted to run across the bows of the latter vessel. In fifteen or twenty minutes the *Dyer* went down. The *Scotland*, though badly injured, made every effort to rescue the crew of the sinking vessel, but thirteen men were, after all, drowned, and only seven saved. The surviving steamer was compelled by her own injuries to look out for her own safety. She put back for Sandy Hook, and barely succeeded in reaching the middle bar, where she still remains, a peril to other navigators. The Government has been petitioned to secure her removal.

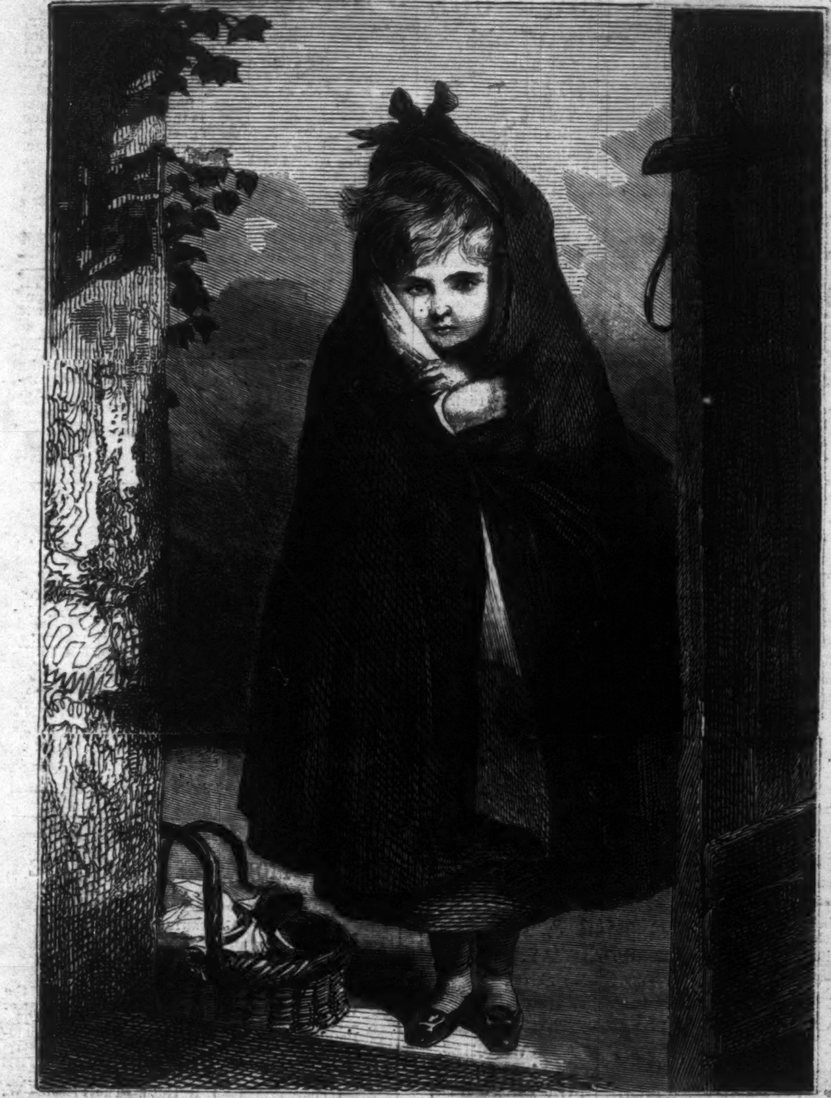
The accident was evidently not the fault of the officers of the *Scotland*, and the efforts made by Captain HALL, of the latter vessel, to rescue the men of the *Dyer*, when his own vessel was in danger, as also his able conduct of the *Scotland*, saving her from immediate and imminent shipwreck, are worthy of the highest commendation.

## PARIS FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

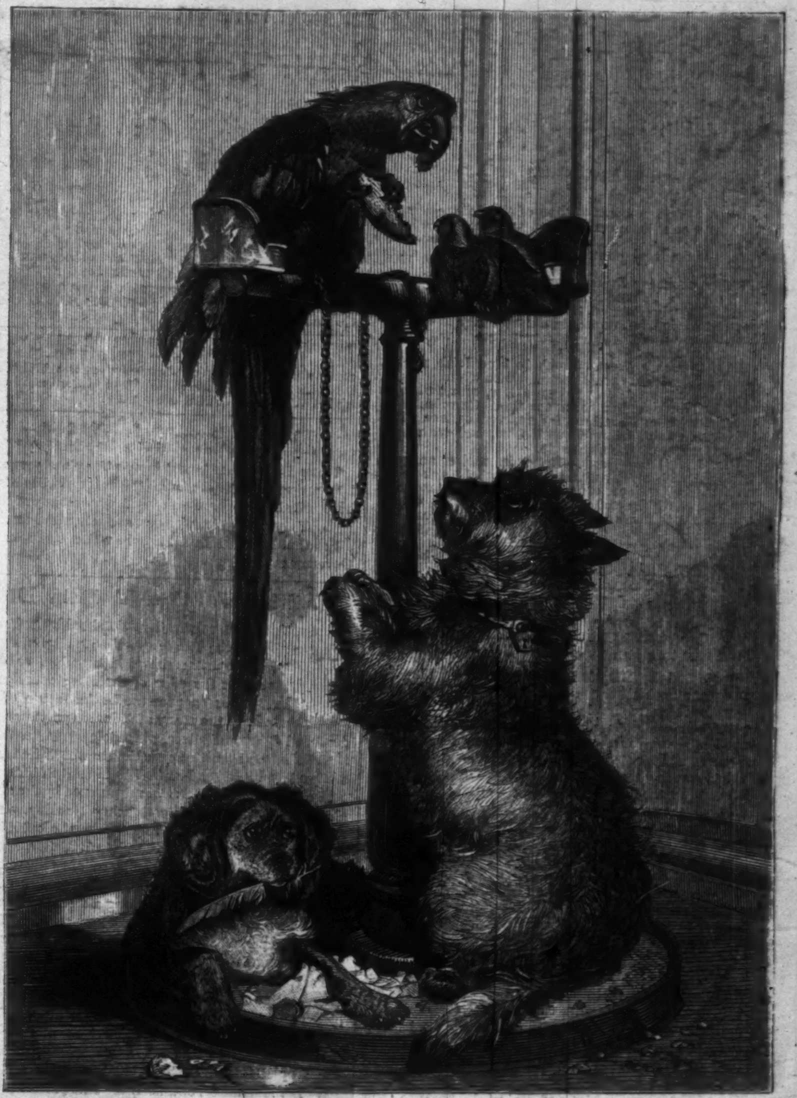
THE Winter Fashions are now fully developed. For walking and visiting dresses the robe en fourreau, worn, however, entirely without crinoline, or with a very moderate quantity of that material, still maintains its place. For evening dress the robe à queue is rapidly coming into favor. Morning and walking dresses are also made in this style; still the inconvenience of the train for outdoor wear is certain to limit its adoption to the very select. Velvet dresses, black or colored, and trimmed with fur, are worn made en fourreau over pipes of plain silk or cashmere, with a deep ruche at the bottom. Black cashmere or silk robes, the latter either of moire or foulard, are worn trimmed up the seams and round the skirt, which is still shaped at the edge into some more or less fantastic form, with jet beads and ornaments; the under pipe in this case being either of silk or cashmere, and still with a broad ruche at the base. Robes à queue for evening wear are of colored foulards, striped and spotted with small patches of flowers or leaves, a pattern of dried autumn leaves being much in favor, or of white or some delicate-tinted moiré antique sprinkled over with broken flowers and falling leaves. These dresses are usually trimmed with rouleaux of ribbon of the particular color which predominates in the pattern of the robe.—Paletots are almost exclusively of black velvet, or black or rich brown cashmere, the former being trimmed with sable or marten, or with an elegant embroidery of jet ornaments; the latter chiefly with jet or black glass beads, with a fringe of the same, and occasionally with jet and gimp intermixed. Paletots of black silk are usually lined with fur and trimmed to correspond, with perhaps an intermixture of jet, or occasionally with jet ornaments



WRECK OF THE STEAMSHIP "SCOTLAND," BOUND FOR LIVERPOOL, OFF SANDY HOOK.—[SKETCHED BY C. PARSONS.]

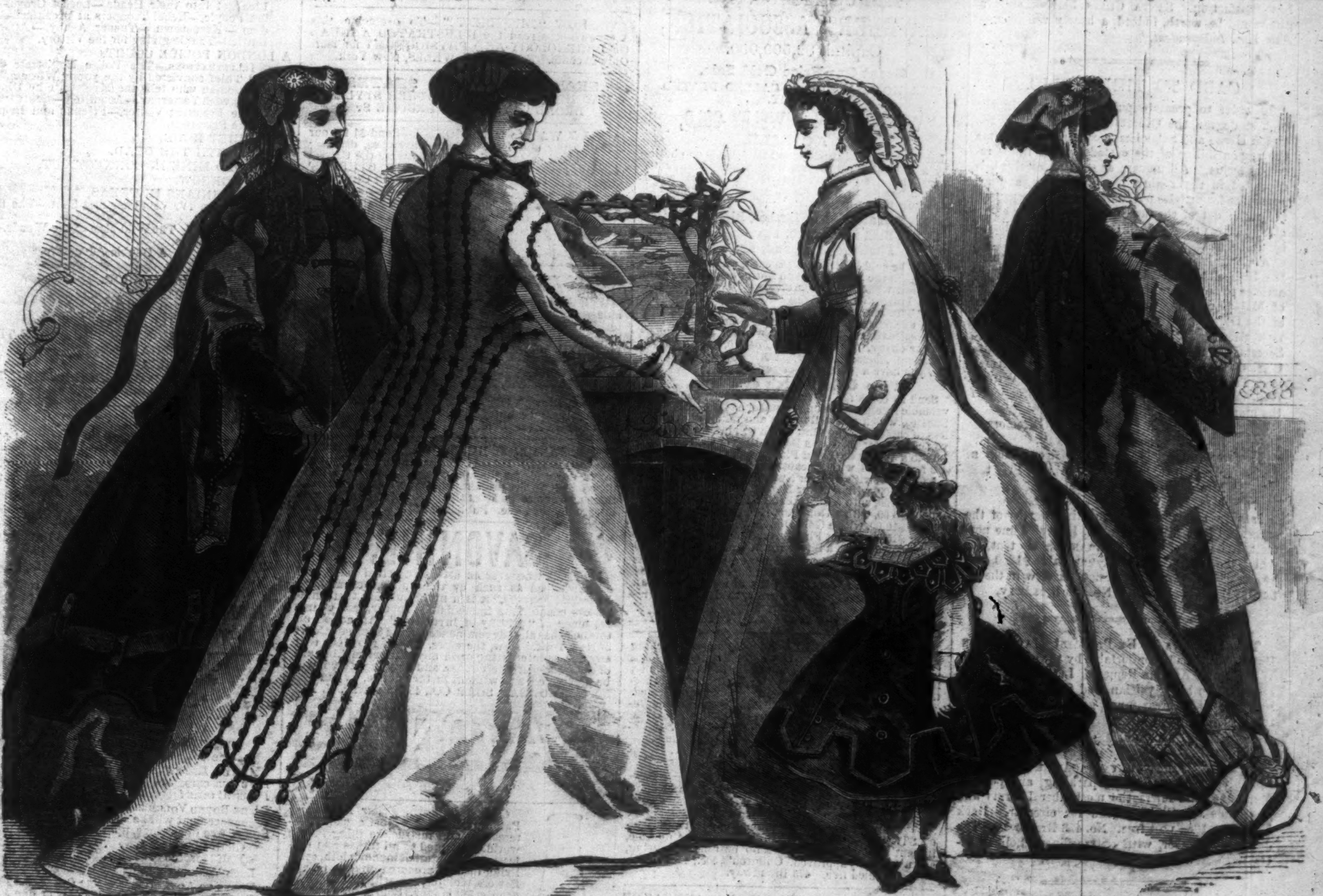


LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.—[From a Painting by Sir Edwin Landseer.]



THE DOG AND THE PARROT.—[From a Painting by Sir Edwin Landseer.]

exclusively. They are worn any length, closed in or loose at the waist, perfectly straight or in points at the bottom, and with loose or tight sleeves indiscriminately. Bonnets are chiefly of velvet—black, scarlet, blue, green, or rich brown—and an attempt is now being made to introduce the chapeau of the first Empire, with its narrow rim and low crown. The chapeaux Dagmar and Czarine are trimmed with chenille or swansdown; other chapeaux are trimmed with pheasants' and various kinds of small feathers. The trimming of the ordinary chapeau, however, is generally of jet—jet ornaments at the top, jet ornaments round the rim, jet drops suspended round the front, and occasionally a jet chain under the chin or round the chignon. At times a feather, or bow, or single flower is worn on the left



PARIS FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER, 1866.

side. The strings are generally of velvet to match the bonnet.

### THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Walking Dress.*—Robe of black silk, made with tight sleeves and cut in a tooth-shaped form at the bottom, where it is ornamented with open bands and buttons, through which passes a deep rouleau of blue velvet. The peplum or jacket is also of blue velvet, with long, hanging sleeves, and is lined with white silk. The jupe is of cashmere of the same color as the jacket. The chapeau, which is of the Mantilla-Maintenon form, is also of blue velvet trimmed with jet, and with a white rose in front.

Fig. 2. *Visiting Dress.*—Robe of light fawn-colored cashmere or taffeta, ornamented with passementerie. Chapeau Lamballe of black velvet, with the centre of scarlet taffeta ornamented with jet embroidery. Scarlet strings.

Fig. 3. *Morning Dress* in gray cashmere, with bias and rosettes in rose-colored taffeta, and with long scarf, similarly trimmed, falling from the neck, which, crossed behind, terminates in a deep fringe at the bottom. Head-dress, white guipure trimmed with rose-colored velvet.

Fig. 4. *Child's Dress.*—Frock in blue Irish poplin, the skirt made short and trimmed with white guipure, buttons, and rosettes. Corsage low, trimmed with tabs and ornamented with guipure. Chemisette in muslin, with an insertion of Valenciennes lace. Hat in white velvet, trimmed with blue, and with long white feather on the right side.

Fig. 5. *Walking Dress.*—Robe in moire antique, trimmed with black guipure. Paletot of black satin, embroidered with jet ornaments and heavy tassels at the points of the collar. Chapeau of green velvet, trimmed with black lace and large white daisies.

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6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

### Price-List.

YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℘ lb.

GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℘ lb.

MIXED (black and green), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℘ lb.

JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℘ lb.

OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℘ lb.

IMPERIAL (green), best $1 25 ℘ lb.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℘ lb.

GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50.

### NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

*From the Methodist, N. Y. City.*

We call special attention to THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY. They offer extraordinary inducements to the consumers of the beverage which "cheers but not inebriates." We have tested the quality of their Teas, and, so far as our experience goes, we are prepared to say that they are all that is claimed for them.

*From the Evangelist, N. Y. City.*

The attention of persons is directed to THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street. This Company have made arrangements to supply families with the choicest new crop of Black, Green, and Japan Teas at wholesale prices. The Company guarantee all the goods they sell to give entire satisfaction.

*From the Christian Intelligencer, N. Y. City.*

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.—This Company are doing an immense wholesale and retail business, and are thus enabled to offer their Teas and Coffees at very low prices, and of a quality which can not fail to give entire satisfaction.

*From the American Agriculturist.*

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.—*To querist.*—Before admitting the advertisement, we learned that a large number of our clerks and others had for several months been buying their Tea and Coffee from this Company, without its being known who they were, and that they had been highly pleased with their purchases, both as to quality and price, and were all recommending their friends to the same course. As we have received no complaints, we conclude "there is no humbug about the establishment."

*From the N. Y. Day Book.*

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.—A suggestion in relation to getting Tea at cheap rates. We know the articles it sells are of superior quality. The clubs are now all the rage, as they get Tea into the consumer's hands for about one-third off the usual price.

For manner of getting up Clubs, &c., see former Numbers of this Paper.

P.S.—All towns, villages, or manufactories, where a large number of men are engaged, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

**Great American Tea Company,**

31 and 33 VESEY STREET, CORNER OF CHURCH.
Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.

☞ We call special notice to the fact that *our* Vesey Street Store is at No. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street—*large double store.*

Parties looking for our store will please bear in mind that ours is a *large double store, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street.* This is an important fact to be remembered, as there are many other Tea Stores in Vesey Street.

# Holiday Presents.

ARRANDALE & CO., 162 BROADWAY, N. Y., are offering over $1,000,000 worth of DRY GOODS in Dresses, Pants, and Coat Patterns, Balmoral Skirts, Furs, Robes, &c., together with a large assortment of WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, and FANCY GOODS, at a uniform price of ONE DOLLAR each, with very liberal terms to agents.

Send 25 cts. for a certificate, or $1 for 5, which will show you what can be obtained for ONE DOLLAR; and if desired we will send our terms to agents.

New York, *October*, 1866.

---

*ONLY ONE WEEK MORE*
*Before the Grand*
*PRESENTATION FESTIVAL*

*Will take place. The affair is already a guaranteed success. Only a few Tickets are still on hand, and those who desire to purchase are reminded that the time is short.*

## REMEMBER THE LITTLE ONES;

THE DESTITUTE AND ORPHAN CHILDREN OF OUR
*COUNTRY'S DEFENDERS.*

# GRAND CHARITABLE FAIR

AND

# PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

IN AID OF THE

## HOME AND SCHOOL

FOR THE MAINTENANCE AND EDUCATION OF
**The Destitute Children**
OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

### AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

This HOME AND SCHOOL was chartered in the year 1862 for the objects above set forth. Applicants are received from all the States in the Union: its sphere of usefulness is constantly increasing, the children now numbering over 120; and daily are the requests for the shelter and care of equally deserving ones *denied*, solely for want of room to accommodate them. The old and unsuitable building (on Fifty-eighth Street, New York), now occupied, must be removed for the erection of such a Home as necessity demands; and this call is made upon the public with a firm belief that the Patriotism and Generosity of the American People will nobly respond to the wants of the Little Ones, and that a suitable edifice will be erected, through the means of this Fair and Festival, which shall stand in the cause of humanity as a fitting rebuke to the trite assertion that "Republics are Ungrateful," and which shall, in affording an asylum for our Country's Children, also be an ornament among her institutions.

NEW YORK, *October* 1, 1866.

We, the Officers and Managers of the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, earnestly solicit the sympathy and co-operation in our FAIR AND GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL, of all who desire with us to see the "Home and School" enabled to receive and care for *all* needy ones who seek its shelter and protection.

Mrs. General ULYSSES S. GRANT, President.
Mrs. CHAS. P. DALY, Acting President.
Mrs. Major-Gen. J. C. FREMONT, 1st Vice-President.
Mrs. ROBERT FORSTER, 2d Vice-President.
Mrs. JOHN S. VOORHIES, Treasurer.
Mrs. DAVID HOYT, Secretary.
Mrs. WM. S. HILLYER, Corresponding Secretary.

Mrs. HERVEY G. LAW, Manager.
Mrs. J. J. VAN DALSEM, Manager.
Mrs. W. GERMOND.
Mrs. JAMES GILLIES.
Mrs. C. MAILLER.
Mrs. WM. MAILLER.
Mrs. HENRY BATJER.

*The Books will remain open until January 1st.*

~~The Fair will open on the 10th of December, and continue two weeks, at the PUBLIC HALL,~~ corner of Broadway and Twenty-third Street, New York. To be concluded by the

## GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

TO BE HELD AT

## COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK,

**Saturday Evening, December 22,**

Under the Musical direction of THEODORE THOMAS, Esq., on which occasion a Committee will be chosen by the audience to award

## $100,000 in Presents

In such lawful manner as they may determine. For the Festival there will be issued

**200,000 Tickets at One Dollar each, and 200,000 Presents, being one to each Ticket-holder.**

### LIST OF PRESENTS TO BE AWARDED.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1 *Present in United States Greenbacks* | $10,000 |
| 1 Splendid Country Residence in Westchester County, near New York City | 12,000 |
| 1 corner House and Lot, Jamaica Avenue, East New York | 4,000 |
| 1 House and Lot adjoining above | 3,000 |
| 1 House and Lot in Brooklyn, N. Y. | 3,000 |
| 1 Carriage, Horses, and Harness (complete) | 2,500 |
| 1 Grand Piano (Steinway's) | 1,500 |
| 3 Lots in Harlem, City of New York, $1500 each | 4,500 |
| 1 Set of Diamonds (Ring, Ear-Rings, and Pin) | 1,000 |
| 1 Paid up Policy of Life Insurance for | 5,000 |
| 1 "Ellis's Patent Hot-Water Apparatus" for Heating Dwellings | 1,000 |
| 1 Oil Painting of General U. S. Grant | 250 |
| 15 Gents' fine Gold Lever Watches, @ $200 | 3,000 |
| 15 Ladies' fine Gold Lever Watches, @ $125 | 1,875 |
| 1 Elegant 1st Premium "Empire" Sewing Machine | 150 |
| 20 Silver-plated Tea Sets, @ $75 | 1,500 |
| 100 Celebrated "Empire" Sewing Machines, now on exhibition at their Warerooms, 616 Broadway | 7,500 |
| 1000 Copies (2 vols each), being a complete Illustrated History of the War | 7,000 |
| 250 Gold Pens, Pencils, and Sleeve Buttons, @ $6 | 1,500 |
| 500 Table and Tea Spoons and Napkin Rings, @ $5 | 2,500 |
| 1000 Call Bells and Plated Fruit Knives, @ $3 | 3,000 |
| The balance to consist of the following articles, viz.: Sets of Cooper's, Lossing's, Bancroft's, and Irving's Works, and those of other Eminent Authors; Musical Instruments, Parlor and Office Furniture, Writing Cases, Ladies' Work Boxes, Music Boxes, Kid Gloves, Photograph Albums, Breast Pins and Finger Rings, Gents' Fob Chains, Ladies' Gold Watch Chains, Opera Glasses, Black Walnut Picture Frames, Gentlemens' Fashionable Silk Hats, Ladies' Newest Style Dress Hats, American Emblem Cards for Parlor Amusement, Engravings and Card Photographs of Distinguished Personages, Ladies' and Gents' Riding-Whips, Buffalo Robes, Ladies' Mink Furs, Gents' Fur Collars and Gloves, &c., &c., amounting to | 24,225 |
| Making in the aggregate 200,000 Presents, Valued at | $100,000 |

### HOW TO OBTAIN TICKETS.

Orders may be sent direct to us inclosing the money, from $1 to $25, in a *registered letter at our risk*, with stamp for return postage. Larger amounts should be sent in Drafts or by Express at the following

### CLUB RATES:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 5 Tickets to one address | $4 50 | 40 Tickets to one address | $35 00 |
| 10 Tickets to one address | 9 00 | 50 Tickets to one address | 43 50 |
| 20 Tickets to one address | 17 50 | 100 Tickets to one address | 85 00 |
| 30 Tickets to one address | 26 25 | | |

Address all orders and communications to

**THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors,** or to
**N. H. DAVIS, Agent for the Home and School,**
**616 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.**

### SPECIAL NOTICES.

We take pleasure in acknowledging, on behalf of the Home and School, the liberal donation of $500 made by the Empire Sewing Machine Company of No. 616 Broadway, New York.

Editors are invited to notice this Charitable Fair and Festival, and to lend such aid as their sympathy and benevolence suggests.

~~Contributions and Donations for the Fair will be~~ received and gratefully acknowledged at our office, 616 Broadway.

**THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors,**
**616 Broadway, New York.**

---

## $5 SEWING MACHINE. $5

FIRST PREMIUM and IMPROVED, the embodiment of practical utility and extreme simplicity. *Originally patented May 13, 1862; Improvement patented June 9, 1863.* The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with CRIMPING attachment, is NOISELESS in operation, sews with DOUBLE OR SINGLE THREAD of ALL KINDS with extraordinary rapidity, making SIXTEEN stitches to each evolution of the wheel. Will GATHER, HEM, RUFFLE, SHIRR, TUCK, RUN UP BREADTHS, &c., &c. Strongest machine manufactured. Warranted not to get out of order in 5 years. It has received the approval of all the principal journals, and of those who have USED it.

"With single or double thread, it silently yet very rapidly does the stitching exactly like hand-sewing.—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines, ALL COMPLETE, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box, with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted every where. Address all orders, FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, office 102 Nassau Street, New York.

## EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.

CHEAPEST AND BEST. Price of Presses, $10, $16, $23, and $30. Price of an Office, with Press, $15, $28, $40, $48, and $70. Send for a circular to the LOWE PRESS COMPANY, 23 Water Street, Boston.

## 100,000

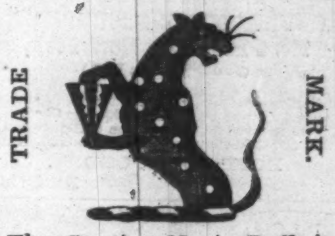
WATCHES, CHAINS, SETS OF JEWELRY, PENS, BRACELETS, CASTORS, GOBLETS, SPOONS, FORKS, NAPKIN RINGS, &c., &c.,

## Worth $500,000!

To be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for $1, and at the same time get our Circular containing full list and particulars, also terms to Agents, which we want in every town and county. J. H. WINSLOW & CO., 208 Broadway, New York.

ÆSOP'S FABLES—"PEOPLE'S PICTORIAL EDITION."—Every young person should have a copy. It contains Two Hundred Fables, and Fifty beautiful Illustrations. Tinted paper. Cloth, gilt, only $1. FOWLER & WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

## Washes Well! Wears Well!



## The Genuine Magic Ruffle!

These goods, having the above trade-mark on the Box and Card, are warranted to measure six full yards in each piece, and to WEAR and WASH as well as any made by hand.

THE GENUINE MAGIC RUFFLES, still manufactured by the original inventors and patentees, on superior machinery, from the best materials, and under careful supervision, have withstood the tests of *six years'* constant use, giving invariable satisfaction.

Manufactured by THE MAGIC RUFFLE COMPANY, 95 Chambers Street, New York. Also Manufacturers of RUFFLE FLUTING IRONS. HOME-MADE RUFFLES.

## "FLYING BIRD,"

| | |
|---|---|
| CHARACTERISTIC piano piece by Jasienski | 50c. |
| L'AFRICANE Waltzes, by Godfrey | 40c. |
| NINE PINS QUADRILLE, with figures | 35c. |
| I HAVE HEARD SWEET MUSIC | violin, 15c.; piano, 30c. |
| NELLIE'S GONE FOREVER | violin, 15c.; piano, 30c. |

Mailed postpaid. FRED'K BLUME,
No. 208 Bowery, New York.

## PORTABLE PRINTING OFFICES

The most instructive, amusing, and economical present you can make is one of the Cottage Printing Offices. They are adapted to the printing of Circulars, Cards, Bill-Heads, &c., and will soon pay the Cost. Prices: No. 1, $28; No. 2, $35; No. 3, $60; No. 4, $90; No. 5, $125. Circular free. Specimen sheets of type, 10 cents.

Adams Press Company, 26 Ann St., New York.

"BLUSHING."—For the cause and cure of this painful emotion, read the new ANNUAL OF PHRENOLOGY for 1867. Only 20 cents by first post. FOWLER & WELLS, New York.

## GROVER & BAKER'S

HIGHEST PREMIUM

## Sewing Machines,

495 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

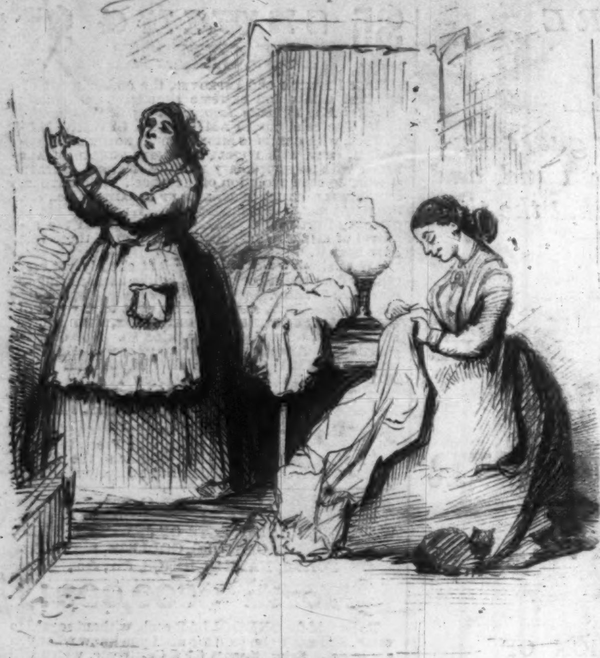
### PERRY'S FAMILY OINTMENT.

The greatest medical Discovery ever offered; sells faster, and cures all cases of Burns, Scalds, Wounds, Sores, Gathered Breasts, Piles, Chilblains, Rheumatism, Corns, &c. Every body should get it. Price 25 cents. Liberal terms to Agents, Druggists, and Country Dealers. Depot, 157 Chatham Street, New York.

GOOD BOOKS FOR PRESENTS.—NEW PHYSIOGNOMY, with 1000 Illustrations, $5, $8, or $10. It is a Beautiful Book. ÆSOP'S FABLES, People's pictorial edition, tinted paper, only $1. ILLUSTRATED FAMILY GYMNASIUM, $1 75. HOW TO WRITE, HOW TO TALK, HOW TO BEHAVE, and HOW TO DO BUSINESS, in one vol., $2 25. THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for 1867, only $2. Address FOWLER & WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.

PARLOR FIREWORKS; or, SNOW CRYSTALS IN FIRE. 25 cents a package. Send orders to O. A. ROORBACH, 122 Nassau Street, New York.

100 Photographs of Union Generals sent postpaid for 25c.; 50 Photographs of Rebel Officers for 25c.; 100 Photographs of Female Beauties for 25c.; 100 Actors for 25c. Address C. SEYMOUR, Holland, N. Y.

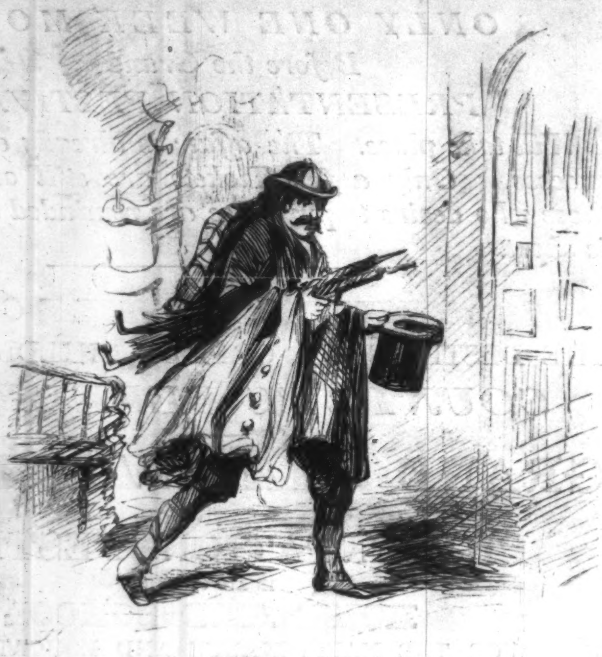


DOMESTIC BLISS.—No. 1.

*Scene—The Kitchen.*

COOK. "Who was that at the door, LUCY?"

LUCY. "Oh! such a nice-spoken Gentleman with Moustarshers. He's a writin' a letter in the Drawing-Room. He says he's a School-feller of Master's, just come from Ingia."



DOMESTIC BLISS.—No. 2.

*Scene—The Hall.*

The nice-spoken Gentleman is seen departing with what great-coats and other trifles he may have laid his hands upon.

---

## Robinson & Ogden,

**BANKERS,**

AND DEALERS IN

**GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,**

**No. 4 Broad St., New York,**

(Two Doors from Wall.)

Collections made, with quick returns.
Interest allowed on Deposits subject to Check.
Orders received for the Purchase or Sale of Stocks, Bonds, and Gold will receive our PERSONAL attention.

**ROBINSON & OGDEN,**
Bankers.

---

D.D.& Co's SOFT CAPSULES.
See Advertisement Inside.

---

## Magnificent Scarfs.

The Aleppo.
The Amazine.
The Bismarck.
The Cashmere.
The English Crape.
The Indian.
The Jerome.
The Jockey.
The Magyar.
The Magador.
The Negligee.
The Nolan.
The Opera.
The Ormond.
The Ottoman.
The Persian.
The Union.

An extensive and beautiful variety of the above goods now opening at

**Popular Prices**

BY

**UNION ADAMS,**

**637 Broadway.**

---

**MERCHANTS, BANKERS.**

And others should send to all parts of the United States by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, 65 Broadway.

---

## Ladies & Gentlemen

OUT OF THE CITY,

TAKE YOUR OWN MEASURE AND SEND TO

**E. A. BROOKS,** Ag't,

Importer and Manufacturer of

***BOOTS, SHOES, &c.***

575 Broadway, New York.

**Directions for Measuring the Foot.**

*First.* Place the foot upon a piece of paper and trace the outline of same with a pencil, which will give the length and spread of the foot, as shown in figure *A*.

*Second.* Make the following measurements, in inches and fractions, with tape measure, as shown in figure *B*, viz:

1st.—The Ball of the foot.
2d.—The Low Instep.
3d.—The High Instep.
4th.—The Heel.
5th.—The Ancle.
6th.—The Calf.

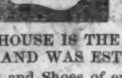


Fig. A

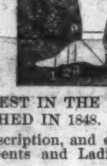


Fig B.

THIS HOUSE IS THE LARGEST IN THE CITY, AND WAS ESTABLISHED IN 1848.

Boots and Shoes of every description, and elegant embroidered SLIPPERS, for Gents and Ladies, for HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

---

## BROWNE & SPAULDING,

**JEWELERS,**

WATCH AND CLOCK MANUFACTURERS,

**568 and 570 Broadway,**

Having opened their new Store under the METROPOLITAN HOTEL with a choice selection of novelties in their line, solicit the inspection of the public and their friends.

**French Marble and Cuckoo Clocks,**

BRONZES, AND OBJETS D'ART,

Suitable for Bridal Presents and Holiday Gifts, in great variety.

---

## MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP

WITH

**SAPONIFIER.**

Only 2 cents the pound of excellent soap if you save and use your waste grease. Only 6 or 7 cents the pound of the very best of soap if you buy the grease. Be particular in asking for Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing Company's Saponifier. Directions are attached to every package. All that is required is an iron kettle holding one or two gallons. For sale at every grocery store.

---

**$100** to $250 PER MONTH, *and all Expenses Paid.* We want Ag'ts, male and female, every where, to whom we will pay the above salary, or give a large commission. *Business entirely new, permanent, and very desirable.* For full particulars, address, with stamp,
G. W. JACKSON & Co., 11 South St., Baltimore, Md.

---

JUST OUT.

THE PATENT

## HOT SKATE

**FOR KEEPING THE FEET WARM IN COLD WEATHER**

IS DESTINED TO EFFECT A REVOLUTION IN THE SKATING WORLD.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

Heated on *scientific principles.* Used as the ordinary Skate in *mild weather.* Unrivaled for beauty, highly polished, and silver plated, with *Silver Heating Chamber;* light, durable; adding to *Health, Pleasure,* and *Comfort;* preventing the *annoyance, suffering,* and *danger* arising from *cold* or *frost-bitten feet.* It will soon become the *universal favorite. Ladies will use no other. Gentlemen* should not be without it. It is an *elegant Present.*

*Dealers* and those wishing to act as *Agents* should send for sample pairs.

Owing to the lateness of the season it has been impossible to supply dealers throughout the country, but I am now prepared to send, on receipt of price, this most beneficial of *Novelties,* strapped and complete, answering the above description, to any part of the United States or Canadas. *Every one should send for it.* Price $15 00. Address

O. W. TAFT, General Agent for United States,
85 William Street, New York City.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

JUST OUT.

---

## FURS.

RUSSIAN AMERICAN AND HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S FURS.

Ladies' and Gents' manufactured Furs of every description on hand and to order, and warranted of superior quality and workmanship, and at such prices as can not fail to offer inducements to purchasers.

**F. W. LASAK'S SON,**
520 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

**ESTABLISHED IN 1823.**

---

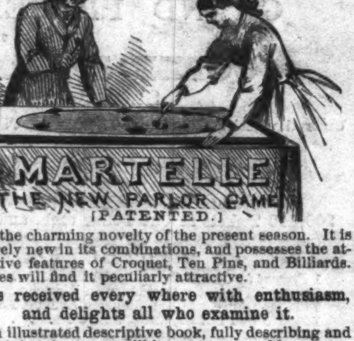
## MOTT'S CHEMICAL POMADE

The best hair restorer and dressing. Sold by druggists.

---

A BEAUTIFUL HOLIDAY GIFT!

THE FINEST PARLOR GAME YET MADE.



Is the charming novelty of the present season. It is entirely new in its combinations, and possesses the attractive features of Croquet, Ten Pins, and Billiards. Ladies will find it peculiarly attractive.

**It is received every where with enthusiasm, and delights all who examine it.**

An illustrated descriptive book, fully describing and explaining the game, will be sent to any address upon receipt of ten cents, to prepay postage, &c. Order through any Bookseller, or direct, of
RICHARDSON & CO., Publishers,
540 Broadway, New York.

---

## Holiday Presents.

Established 1821.

**William Gale, Jr.,**

**SILVERSMITH,**

**572 and 574 BROADWAY,**

Under Metropolitan Hotel,

Has on hand a large and choice stock of

**Silver and Plated Wares**

Of the newest and finest designs, for

**HOLIDAY AND BRIDAL GIFTS,**

To which the attention of the Public is invited.

---

**A Holiday Present.** If you want to make a suitable present to a gentleman who smokes, go to POLLAK & SON, Meerschaum Manufacturers, 692 Broadway, near 4th St., and get a genuine pipe or cigar-holder. Remember Pollak & Son, 692 Broadway, near Fourth Street.

---

## SURE PILE CURE.

Dr. Gilbert's Pile Instrument, for the radical cure of piles, prolapsus, &c., without an operation or medicine, relieves the worst case in 5 minutes, and has never failed to effect a permanent cure. Send for circular. Sold by druggists generally. Discount to dealers. Agents wanted every where. Sent by mail on receipt of $4. J. B. ROMAINE, Manager, 575 Broadway, N. Y.

---

**Delicate and Clear Complexion.**

By using WRIGHT'S ALCONATED GLYCERINE TABLET, with a delightful fragrance. Order of your Druggist.

---

## TIFFANY & CO.,

**Nos. 550 and 552 Broadway,**

*Are now opening over one hundred cases of choice goods of their own importation and specially made to their order—embracing all the Novelties in*

**Jewelry, Clocks, Bronzes, and Fancy Goods**

*produced this season in Paris, London, Vienna, Geneva, Naples, Rome, etc.. etc., forming the most extensive assortment of rich and rare articles of luxury ever exhibited on this continent.*

---

## BALL, BLACK & CO.

ESTABLISHED 1810.

565 and 567 Broadway, New York. } { 8 Rue St. Georges, Paris.

Having replenished their stock by the receipt of over 200 cases of goods from the principal depots of Europe, are prepared to furnish the choicest selection of articles for the Holidays.

They have just received an assortment of
*Watches* from London and Geneva;
*Fine Jewelry* from Geneva and Paris;
*Byzantine Mosaics* / *And artistic Cameos* } from Rome;
*Corals* from Naples;
*Inlaid Wood Ornaments* from Nice;
*Leather Goods* from Vienna;

And a large variety of *Fancy Articles* from France. Their stock of

**Clocks and Bronze Ornaments,**

From the best manufactories of France and Italy, is more complete than in any other season, and the largest to be found in the United States.

Their unusual facilities in the manufacture of *Silverware* enable them to constantly exhibit a choice stock, and to furnish at short notice pieces for presentation of the most artistic design and finest finish.

---

## The Best Thing Out.

The Patent Pocket Tablet and Calendar is a metallic case containing Twenty-seven blank pages, a calender and pencil. When the cards are filled they can be easily taken out, new ones put in, and the old cards saved for reference. Every one wants one, as they are pretty, convenient, and cheap. Sold by the Book, Stationery, and Fancy-Goods Dealers. Sample sent by mail, on receipt of 50 cents, by the manufacturers,
FERREE & HAYDEN, Middletown, Conn.

---

**FOR CHAPPED HANDS.**

An infallible, agreeable remedy and preventive: WRIGHT'S ALCONATED GLYCERINE TABLET. Order of your Druggist.

---

ESTABLISHED 1797.

## MEEKS'

RICH AND PLAIN

## FURNITURE

686 BROADWAY.

---

**FRIENDS!**

For a Fortune of FIVE to $30,000, and aid to a charitable institution, address for details,
HARRIS BROTHERS, Boston, Mass.

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DRY UP CATARRH CURE

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